

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PLEASE DO NOT LITTER THE LANES

APOLO OF THE PYGMY FOREST

A MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF

The Passing of a Splendid Life
on the Congo

50 YEARS AMONG WILD TRIBES

There has died at Mboga, on the edge of the great Congo Forest, a Native missionary named Apolo, a Canon of the Church of England in Uganda, the country in which he was born about 70 years ago. His is a great story.

He was brought up in heathen surroundings, but while still a boy he came into touch with a missionary named Alexander Mackay, and was deeply interested in the story he had to tell.

All through wars in which he fought he never forgot what he had learned from Mackay, and when the fighting was over and he went home again he asked to be baptised that he might go out and tell the story himself. The Bishop of Uganda hesitated to send out a Native missionary with so little instruction as Apolo had had, but a great Chief in that country said: "Apolo is a good man; he is not clever, but he is full of grace. Send him; he will do a great work for God."

The People Flocked To Hear Him

So Apolo set out to walk to Toro, 200 miles away, through country inhabited only by wild animals, in order that he might give himself to the people. He arrived there safely and learned the language, and the people flocked to hear him preach.

Then he went to Mboga, for he wanted to find people who had never heard the Gospel. But in Mboga there was a cruel king, who, when he learned that Apolo was preaching and that one woman had actually been converted, ordered the young missionary to be brought before him and flogged to death.

Apolo was beaten unconscious and left in the forest for dead. But the woman he had converted secretly carried his poor body to her hut, where she nursed him to life and health again.

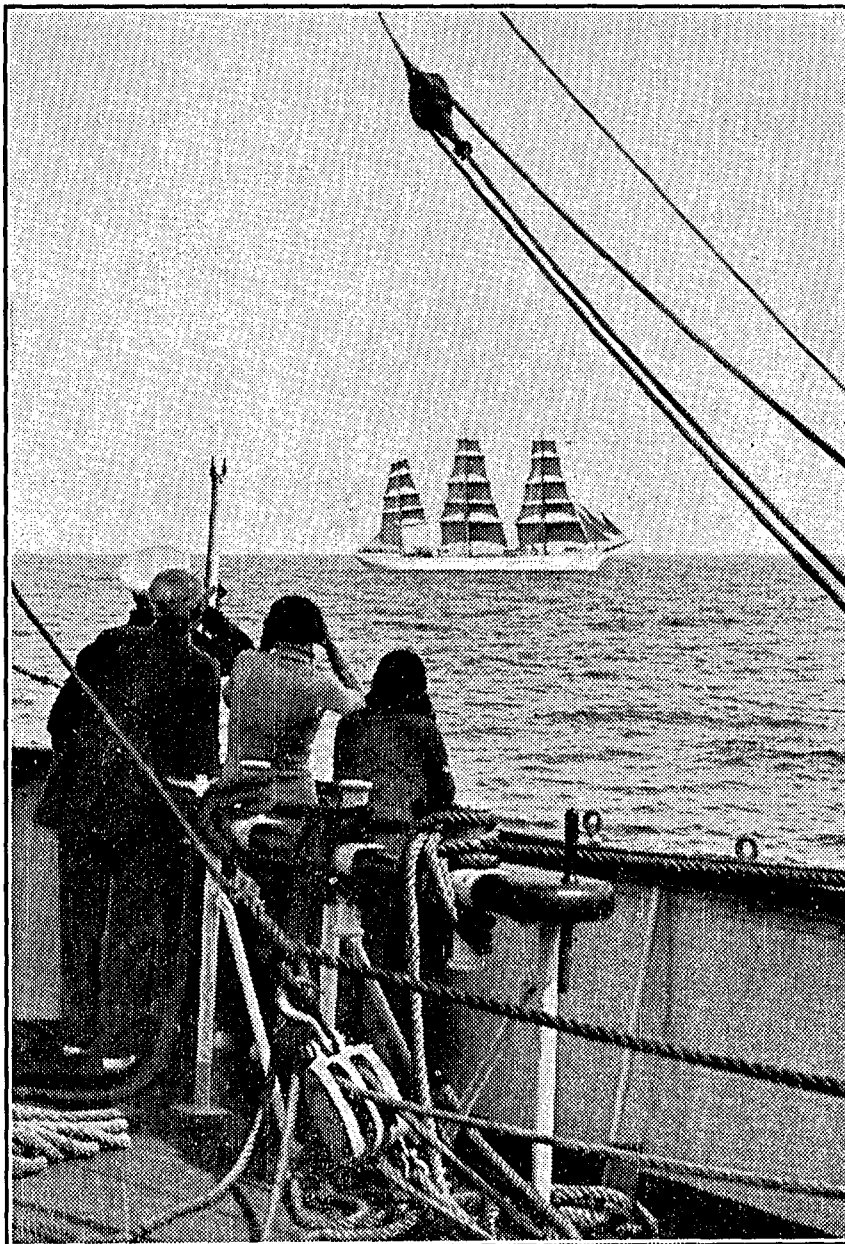
A King Asks For His Forgiveness

Then, instead of fleeing from the cruel king, Apolo went out and beat his drum again, calling the people to hear his message; and the king was so amazed to see the young man he thought to be dead that he asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had done him, and a few weeks later he was himself baptised.

That was the beginning of a church in Mboga, which grew rapidly in strength and in time became a missionary church, sending teachers into the forest to preach to the pygmy and other tribes.

And all these years (about half a century) Apolo had been working for the people here, so that he became known as Apolo of the Pygmy Forest.

Sails in the Channel



There are not many sailing ships still in service, so that when the people on board one in the English Channel saw another passing by it was an occasion for more than usual interest.

SCHEMES TO SET MEN WORKING

COUNTRIES FACING FACTS

Will Our Government Please
Follow in These Steps?

IMPULSE GIVEN TO INDUSTRY

An important item on the programme of the Economic Conference is the one labelled Public Works.

These public works in different countries are part of the scheme put forward by M. Albert Thomas, first Director of the International Labour Office. It has found a place in that resolution of the I.L.O. of last year which has resulted in the conference taking place in London.

A special committee in Geneva has given detailed study to a number of plans proposed by various countries.

Poland's Big Scheme

Poland has a big scheme for the electrification of the whole country, and adds to this other plans for supplying drinking-water to various towns, for developing the long-distance telephone, for extending the water supply and sewage system of Warsaw, and for completing the water-conduit system and supplying gas in Upper Silesia.

Rumania intends to electrify some of its railway lines, Yugo-Slavia to improve the port of Belgrade and to construct a bridge and railway line over the Danube. Latvia has a scheme for connecting Riga by railway with Rujiena and Karsawa; Bulgaria proposes to improve the highway which connects Sofia with the frontiers of Yugo-Slavia and Turkey; and other programmes of road and bridge construction are put forward by Estonia and Hungary.

The schemes were examined by the committee as to their value as measures for reducing unemployment. Some were rejected—as, for example, one in Poland, where roads and railway would have run parallel with each other. Others were put aside for the moment as not being presented in sufficient detail, and others were considered as being exclusively local in character.

What Italy Has Done

Meanwhile certain countries have gone ahead without waiting for help. Italy has doubled the amount of money usually devoted to public works and spent it on electrifying railways and on building roads, barrages, and canals, while many municipalities have followed the example. France has budgeted for over 7000 million francs for a general scheme while giving a bonus to every loan contracted by communes or departments for the purpose of public works. Sweden has a big scheme to employ 90,000 people at 40 hours a week at a normal wage.

The tremendous impulse given to industry by these schemes is as important as the actual reduction of unemployment which they bring about.

THE DEBT CHAOS

THE War Debt question is still not finally settled, but it is certain that no more full payments will be made. Only Finland paid America in full last quarter day!

The difficult problem of the payment of the June instalment of the British Debt to America was met in a manner which gave a sense of relief both to this country, which could ill afford the loss of so large a sum, and to the delegates at the Economic Conference, who realise that these debts are the chief cause of the troubles they have met to solve.

Our Government offered America an immediate payment of ten million dollars in silver as a token payment to show that we acknowledged the fact that an instalment was due. President Roosevelt took the prudent course of not insisting on full payment, but, while pointing out that only the

American Congress could alter the terms of the Debt Agreement, he said that no default had occurred. He asked the Government to send representatives to Washington to discuss the entire debt settlement as soon as convenient.

There is no doubt whatever that this is a great step forward on the part of America, and before the next payment falls due a new agreement fair to all must be made, securing that the sums passing from Europe to America shall not upset the balance of the world economy and cause universal distress.

This country has acted nobly in the matter of debts since the war. By declining to ask from her debtors more than she had to pay America she waived no less a sum than £2,550,000,000 which was due to her, and we have actually paid £153,000,000 out of our own taxes on behalf of our debtors.

THINGS SAID AT THE WORLD PARLIAMENT

WHAT THE NATIONS THINK

All Peoples Are Members One of Another

TRADE AND PEACE

If one thing is certain in these days it is that all nations are coming more and more to realise that Paul was right when he said that we are members one of another, and that we cannot live to ourselves alone.

We give below some of the things said in the opening days of the World Conference at South Kensington; the British case is put in another column. The following passages are from the thirty odd speeches of the chief delegates for the countries named.

America

If we are to succeed, narrow and self-defeating selfishness must be banished from every human heart within this council chamber. If (which God forbid!) any nation should obstruct and wreck this Conference, with the short-sighted notion that some of its favoured local interests might temporarily profit, that nation would merit the execration of mankind.

Mr Cordell Hull

France

There are 30 million unemployed. We have millions who are living in misery, and we have stacks of wheat and coffee and other commodities which are being burned; and yet down the centuries we have worked with the object of building up stocks, regarding that as the real and true safeguard against the uncertainty of fate. The reduction in production and exchange represents a loss of more than 20 million gold dollars—that is to say, more than three times the quantity of gold which exists in the world.

How are we to restore the circulation of goods? How are we to make durable economic agreements if the measure of value continues to depend on hazard or chance? *What would you say of an engineer or an architect who worked with an indiarubber foot-rule?*

We need a great effort in the organisation of labour and power, and especially by the introduction of an international framework of the reduced working week; a working week reduced, for instance, to 40 hours.

The experience of the nineteenth century has shown that public works on an extensive scale make it possible to mobilise hoarded capital and to render more easy and more beneficial the activities of nations.

M. Daladier

Italy

A policy of economic isolation means self-mutilation—not only as affecting the interests of each nation, but also as affecting the task they all have to accomplish in world economy.

The interests of each and all make it imperative to follow rules which will enable them to meet on the high road of international exchanges without colliding and injuring each other.

Signor Guido Jung

Russia

Although perfectly able to develop its own economic life, Russia has no desire to shut itself off from the rest of the world by economic barriers.

The Soviet Government draws up its import plans in accordance with export possibilities and credit facilities; but the delegation could conceive of conditions, such as lengthened credits, normal conditions for Soviet exports, and other favourable factors, which might induce its Government to extend these plans to a degree which would have no small influence in the alleviation of the crisis. The Soviet Government, given such

A WORLD FOR HEROES

It is a Friendly Place

By General Smuts

People spoke very lightly after the war about a world fit for heroes, but they had since had occasion to laugh at that idea. Yet the world into which we are entering is a world that offers possibilities for great adventure, and such a world is fit for heroes.

The old days of comfort, peace, and security, and of golden rules to live by were dead and buried, and those now going out into the world will find it full of danger.

We have had our chance and perhaps we have made a mess of it. Perhaps only demi-gods could have struggled with success through the trials we have had to endure.

The world is becoming much harder to live in, but it may be in many ways a better world. I have a feeling that you will find it a friendly one at bottom. We think so much today of the antagonism of race to race, yet nothing has impressed me more in recent years than the goodwill that universally exists among the peoples of the world. This friendly feeling is universally diffused among the nations, but somehow it has not found expression under the old system of society which we have inherited from the past.

WATERLOO

June 18 was the 118th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

There are still a few people alive who have talked to men who fought there.

One of the old heroes used to sell programmes in front of a great painted panorama of the battle which was exhibited in the eighties of last century; but when people questioned him he would only say "Ah, it was a hard day's work!"

Another veteran, meeting a hero-worshipping child in 1865, had to confess that he did not remember much, except that the cannonade lasted a long time, that he was forbidden to fire without orders, and that he was glad of the order to advance!

Continued from the previous column

conditions, might agree to place orders abroad to the sum of about 1000 million dollars.

M. Litvinoff

Germany

Industry cannot prosper if agriculture does not flourish. The creditor cannot exist if the debtor perishes. The gold currency becomes meaningless if the free circulation of gold is not guaranteed.

Baron von Neurath

Austria

Without loyal cooperation and goodwill toward one another we shall not be able to work our way out of the present crisis, because also in the economic sphere the quotation from a great poet holds true: "the best man cannot live in peace if his wicked neighbours do not leave him in peace."

Dr Dollfuss

South Africa

If we meet, not for action, but for leisurely debates, nobody knows what the irresistible march of events may not produce.

Everywhere the moving finger is writing on the wall. The position from one end of the world to the other is worsening, and the way out is becoming steadily more difficult.

The world calls for courageous leadership and thinks it does not always get it from the politicians. We should ignore all merely national or sectional points of view, and concentrate our forces. The forces of economic and social decay can only be met on a united front and with courageous leadership. Only in that way can we turn this Conference into a decisive battlefield and win the fight for recovery and regain prosperity.

General Smuts

THE I.L.O. OFFICE WHICH STARTED THE WORLD CONFERENCE

A Geneva Meeting On Matters of Great Importance

THE INTERNATIONAL IDEA IN THE FUTURE

By Our League Correspondent

While London has the World Conference, Geneva has been busy with its 17th International Labour Conference, the two being very closely connected.

The people now at work in London are there very largely because of a strong resolution of the 16th Labour Conference of last year calling on the world to do something definite to overcome the depression and outlining a programme of reconstruction. The people meeting in Geneva have practical subjects to handle bearing on the same universal problem.

Chief among the items on their programme is the idea of a general reduction of hours of work as a means of reducing unemployment. The forty-hour week idea has been studied in preparation for this moment, and now the Conference must come to grips with it as a practical proposition. It is fortunate that the United States has sent a delegation of observers, because experiments in the shortened working week have gone farther there than anywhere else.

A Peril To Be Averted

Another subject is insurance and the various forms of relief for the unemployed, a pressing problem for the moment for nearly every part of the world. The benefits the last two generations derived from the systems of insurance, and the proved necessity of them during these years of depression, make it unthinkable that they should break down and disappear under the present heavy strain. Yet that is the danger, and it is the object of the Conference to avert it. A third item, which also has its effect on the present situation, is the proposal to abolish all fees charged by employment agencies.

Thus the Labour Conference in Geneva plays its part in the ordering of world affairs. The regulation of labour conditions is no longer a mere matter of protecting the worker, right and necessary as that is; it is a part of the rational organisation of society as a whole. Everyone understands that we can only avoid depressions in the future by taking measures on an international scale to prevent them. The world is being forced to revise its old methods by the pressure of events; and at a moment when one or two shallow-thinking and loud-shouting papers are railing against international institutions the inevitability of international action was never so clear. This makes it certain that these institutions will ultimately be recognised as a necessary part of world government, whatever trials may await them in the years immediately ahead.

SHOULD WAGES BE CUT?

Have wage-cuts proved to be an effective remedy for the depression? The Director of the I.L.O. says No.

"It is impossible," he writes in his yearly report, "to deduce from the evidence available that wage reduction has brought about any marked improvement in employment anywhere. It might be expected that in countries such as the United States, where wages have been deflated most, the symptoms of revival would be most apparent. Yet the contrary appears to be the case."

This, of course, will be one of the subjects considered by the Economic Conference, and it is valuable to have the opinion, based on very complete knowledge, of one who directs an international body whose whole aim and object is to improve life and living for the great majority of the world's population.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END

Young Man's Thrilling Fight With Wolves

We find in the Winnipeg Free Press a thrilling story of a man's fight with wolves. It is a short story and a true one, and how it ends we do not yet know.

The story reached the Canadian paper in a letter which is a drama in itself, for it was written by a trapper somewhere near Tenderfoot Bay and attached to the collar of one of his sledge dogs. The dog found its way to the Hudson Bay Railroad, where the letter on its collar was discovered and mailed to the address on the envelope, that of a young woman at Wisconsin Rapids. This is the letter.

Yesterday, when travelling my trap line, I ran across a young man who must have been trapping a little north of me. I found him unconscious and almost frozen to death. A pack of timber wolves had attacked him, killed all his dogs, and almost killed him. It must have been a bitter struggle. His gun was empty and his hunting knife was lying by him. He was covered with blood; he had a very bad wound on his shoulder and lots of smaller ones all over his body.

He was a great fighting man, as he had killed nine of his attackers, six with his gun and three with his knife.

Dog That Did Not Fail

This place is over 70 miles from a railroad, and he is too sick to be moved, so I am writing two letters, one to whoever meets my lead dog Keno, and one to you. The reason I am writing to you is that I found only one letter on him. It was addressed to Mr Leland Abbott, The Pas, from Miss Addie Rose Snyder, so I thought you'd be able to tell me what to do with his fur and money. He has 17 otters and some other small furs.

The other letter is to any able-bodied man who meets my dog. You see, I can't leave the boy alone while I go for help, so I am staying with him. In the meantime my dog Keno will be travelling to the railroad with the two letters tied to his collar, so if this letter reaches you you will know that my dog did not fail me.

I was watching him all night, trying to make him come to, but the only word he says is *Link*. It may be his lead dog's name.

The story ends there. The dog did not fail his master, and we know from this letter that the trapper did not fail in comradeship. We can only hope that the young man recovered from his wounds and that a more cheerful letter has now reached Wisconsin Rapids.

THINGS SAID

She kindled fires in cold rooms wherever she went. Said of Mrs Eric Parker

When I get myself into trouble I always whistle a tune.

President Roosevelt

The world has lavished huge sums on a dovecot at Geneva, and it is crawling with snails.

Mr Lloyd George

In the seven years we have been working in Palestine we have got more Egyptian history than has been found in Egypt.

Sir Flinders Petrie

It is a pity the Great Fire took place in 1666, and not in the latter part of the 19th century.

Sir Herbert Samuel

That a sheepdog does the work of 20 men is, if anything, an understatement.

Manchester Guardian

Statesmen are soon forgotten in this world, but Cecil Rhodes's stock is always going up.

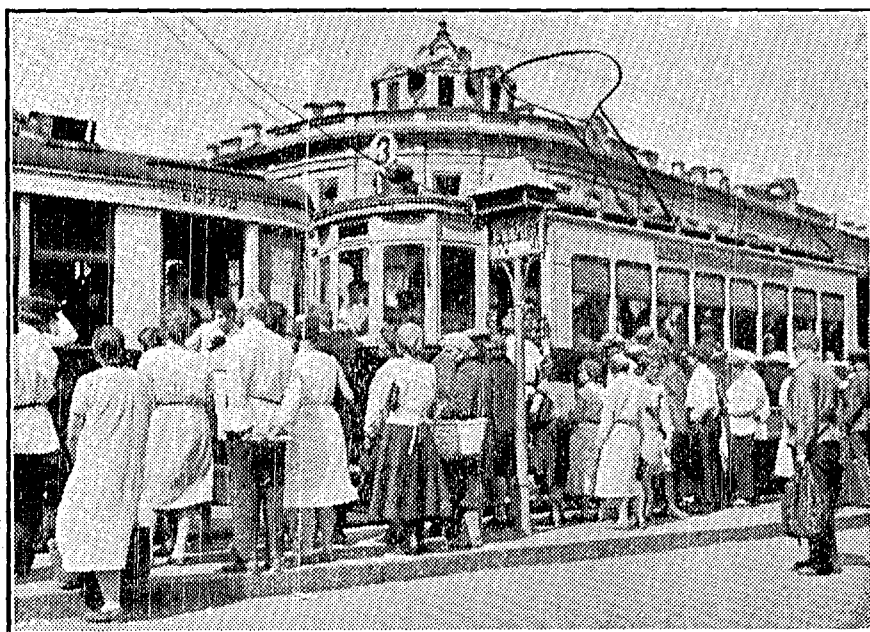
General Smuts

The Irish Free State come to the Mint for their coins and are extremely good friends. Deputy Master of the Mint

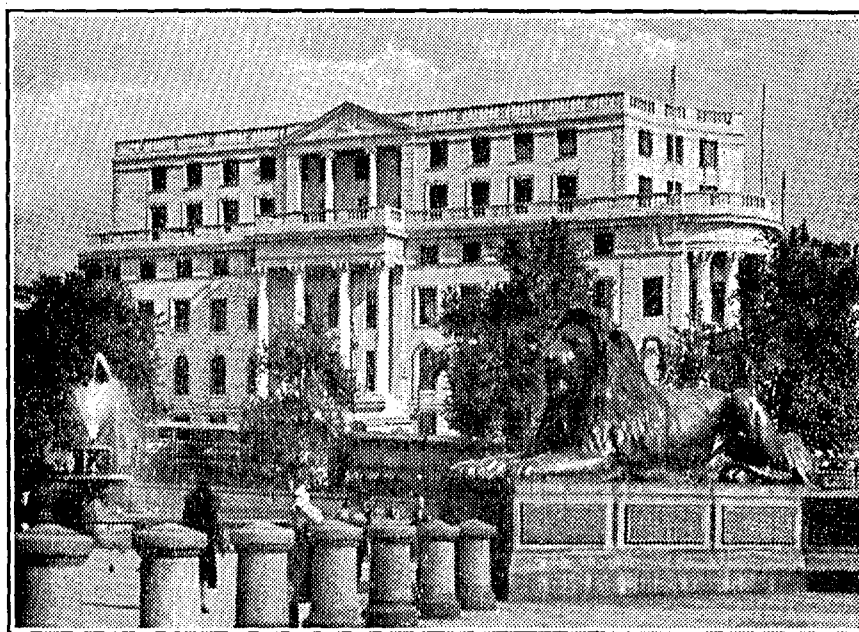
HAY HARVEST • SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE • DOCK GATE'S VOYAGE



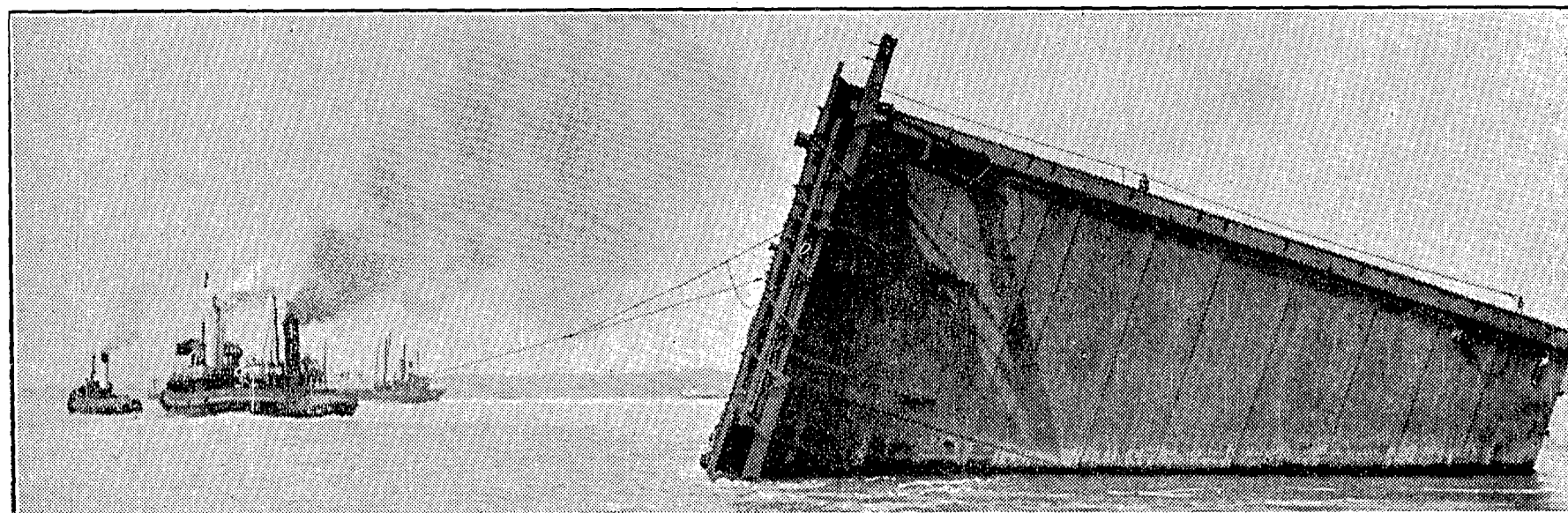
The Hay Harvest—Is there any more peaceful sight than an English field in June when the hay crop is being cut? This picture was taken in Kent.



In Moscow Today—Russia of today is little known to us even in pictures. Here is a recent photograph from Moscow, the Soviet capital, showing workers waiting for their trams.



South Africa in London—One of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square appears to be guarding South Africa House, the new London headquarters of the Union Government.



Dock Gate's Sea Trip—Here we see the arrival of a sliding caisson or gate for the entrance to the world's largest dock at Southampton. More than 1300 tons of steel were used in its construction. Tugs took over a week to tow it from the Tees.

HEAD OF THE GERMAN CHURCH NAZIS STEPPING IN Interfering With the Choice of 40 Million People WILL HITLER KEEP HIS WORD?

The Bishop of Chichester has called attention to one of the most serious influences now working in Germany.

Christian people in Germany, and indeed all over the world, are concerned at the entry of political influences into the Evangelical Churches there. The Constitution established entire liberty of conscience, every religious body being entitled to manage its own affairs.

There are forty million Protestants in Germany, and recently the three chief Evangelical Churches have united as a result of a strong national religious movement which has been sweeping the country. The drawing-up of the new organisation was entrusted to the three leaders of the Churches.

A Mission at Bethel

The most important task of the committee of three was to nominate a Primate, and they chose Dr von Bodelschwingh, a leader connected with no political movement. He has devoted his life to a great mission at Bethel, where thousands of sick and helpless people are cared for. Everyone in Germany knows this institution and the administrative ability of the scholar who is in charge of it. Delegates from the Churches confirmed the appointment by 83 votes to three.

But protests against this appointment have now been made by a small body known as the German Christians, all belonging to the Nazi Party. They have put forward their leader Pastor Mueller, and are conducting an agitation that he should take the place of Dr von Bodelschwingh. They have been given the full use of the Nazi publicity machinery, thus converting a strictly religious question into a political one.

As the Bishop of Chichester points out, conflict between Churchmen competing as rivals for election to the post of German Primate would in any event be a grave misfortune, but far more damaging to the religious influence of the Church would be the appointment of the nominee of a political party and not the man the Church has chosen.

When he became Chancellor Herr Hitler solemnly guaranteed the independence and constitutional rights of the German Evangelical Church, and it is to be hoped that he will keep his word.

ONE MAN'S GREAT POWER

Mr Roosevelt has gone on holiday, but he carries in his pocket powers such as no American President has possessed.

He is authorised to spend nearly £700,000,000 upon a public works programme in the effort to reduce the army of unemployed. He can issue new currency to an enormous amount, he can regulate the banks, reduce the gold content of the dollar, pay bonuses to farmers, adjust tariff schedules, and impose taxes upon the possessors of agricultural commodities.

Daily Telegraph

SUCCESS

A boy and a girl who went to Cambridge University from London schools have there won great distinctions.

Miss L. Bronowski, who won a scholarship at Girton from Clapton Secondary School, was the only woman in this year's list of 44 wranglers in mathematics. Mr Terence Fox, who won a scholarship at Jesus College from Regent Street Polytechnic, was one of the two men to gain a first-class in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos, sharing this honour with Mr D. McKenna, whose father was once Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr Fox also won all four prizes awarded on the results of this examination.

THE GREATNESS OF BURNE-JONES A Man King in His Own World MR BALDWIN AND MANY MANSIONS

There is a splendid collection of the paintings and drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones at the Tate Gallery, celebrating the centenary of his birth. It will be open till the end of August. This is what Mr Baldwin, one of his kinsmen, said of Burne-Jones the other day.

In the art of painting there are many mansions. I would never look at a man for what he is not. I would always look at him for what he is. You have to look at Burne-Jones for what he is, and you can judge what he is by his work and what he said of himself. He said "I need nothing but my hands and my brain to fashion myself a world to live in that nothing can disturb. In my own land I am king of it."

And that is what he was. He was true to his own inner light from the first day of his artistic life to the end. Gentle, but like iron and granite where the ideals he worked for were concerned. None of the idols of the market-place had power to tempt him or to turn him from the straight path, neither money, popularity, nor position.

What His Art Stood For

It is not without significance that public recognition came to him in France long before it came in England. What was it that his art stood for? In my view what he did for us common people was to open as no man had ever opened before magic casements of a land of faery which he was exploring for us all his life.

It always seems to me that poetry and painting, the great creative arts, are but manifestations of one great and eternal spirit. You may express your own personality with extreme skill and be popular in the market-place for it and be called clever, or brilliant, but you will never do anything great or be remembered after you are dead. In great work there is no talk of being clever or brilliant. You stand dumb in reverence and in awe before something that seems not of this world.

Many of us quietly and without talking about it fashion for ourselves, in Burne-Jones's words, a world to live in that nothing can disturb. It is in that inner world that we cherish in peace the beauty he has left us. In it is peace for our souls. Those who knew Burne-Jones, the few who knew him and loved him, will always keep him in their hearts, but his work will go on long after they have all passed away.

JOHN ANTLE A Parson-Skipper and His Yacht

There was never a more romantic vessel than the little Columbia, in which for 23 years a devoted man has patrolled the stormy coast of British Columbia, caring for little groups of people living often 100 miles from civilisation.

The Rev John Antle has brought supplies of all sorts, help and comfort of every kind, to scattered people living in the loneliest shacks. Now his old ship has worn out, and the other day a new one was dedicated at Lambeth Pier.

The 36-ton motor-yacht John Antle has been named after the superintendent of the Columbia Coast Mission. Her namesake will soon be able to navigate her across the Atlantic, to carry on his splendid work.

For 30 years, says the Bishop of London, John Antle has been Bishop of London, Governor of the London Hospital, and Chairman of the L.C.C. as far as that coast is concerned.

We wish the parson-skipper godspeed.

THE OLD SHIP'S BELL Selling Them Off ADMIRALTY TURNS SALESMAN

The Admiralty has turned salesman and is offering the public 120 ships bells no longer fit for active service.

This is an offer which is bound to echo in the heart of many a sea-lover, many a mother whose boy has chosen the high-ways of the sea for his walk in life, many a boy who dreams of being master of a P. and O. boat. As for retired naval officers, here is something which must prove irresistible, a July sale after their own hearts—bells going cheap from £1 to £5, with special features like the bell from H.M.S. Terrible, which is £10.

The Admiralty wish it to be known that this sale of ships bells is not going on for ever; all orders must reach them by July 31.

Romance of the Sea

The bells are taken from 97 ships. These ships will hear no more these clear calls to action or sleep, to eat, to change the watch, or merely to call attention to the passing hour. Such timekeepers will always be more romantic than clocks, for clocks work themselves, but ships bells have to be struck. And also, in spite of our smart and modern ways, our machine-ruled lives, there is still romance clinging to the sea.

Some of these bells have spoken in history, and in the memories of some families will always toll for the brave. There is the H.M.S. Marlborough bell, which rang through the Battle of Jutland, that of H.M.S. Centaur, a vessel famous for her manoeuvres in 1916 and 1917, and her bloodless victories.

THE WONDERFUL ORGAN OF THE B.B.C.

In the past the B.B.C. has broadcast much organ music from churches and cinemas, but now we may expect the best organ broadcasts from Broadcasting House itself, where a magnificent new instrument has been installed.

The new organ, the most up-to-date in the world, has taken six months to build. It has 2826 pipes, and a two-inch cable connects these with the console where the organist sits. But this small cable contains 10,000 tiny silver wires which carry the electric current controlling the organ.

It has 150 stops, and as each is brought into use it lights up automatically, to show the organist which he is using.

In spite of all the modern innovations the new B.B.C. organ has been built according to the best ideas of the 16th-century organ builders, and it has none of the jazz instruments associated with cinema organs.

THE FIDDLER IN A CATHEDRAL

Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, but a greater artiste is going to play for someone else's supper.

With great generosity Miss Jelly D'Aranyi, the violinist, has been giving recitals in English cathedrals to raise money for helping the unemployed. No one has paid to come in, but a collection has been taken in the interval. Miss D'Aranyi plays lovely music from Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Purcell, and Mendelssohn, music worthy of the glorious buildings in which she plays. The dates and places to come are:

- July 4. Winchester Cathedral.
- July 5. Salisbury Cathedral.
- July 6. Chichester Cathedral.
- July 13. Gloucester Cathedral.

Nearly all lovers of great music will be able to hear one at least of the recitals, and we hope the golden music will reap a golden harvest for the unfortunate.

Over 400,000 people saw the Aldershot Tattoo and 50,000 cars were parked.

THE BRITISH WAY CHANCELLOR'S PLAN AT THE CONFERENCE Eight Points in the Way Out of the Great Depression CHEAP MONEY AND FREE TRADE

The World Conference for ending the Depression and restoring the means of Prosperity is settling down to its detailed work, and there is reason to be hopeful that much good will come.

Certainly there appears to be a growing desire on all sides to set trade free from the shackles that are ruining it, and the proposals of the British Government have become the basis of the chief discussions of the Conference. We give below the chief points put forth in a speech by Mr Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

1. Raising Wholesale Prices

The great fall in prices since 1928 has ruined producers of food and other primary commodities, and it is essential to bring about such a recovery in prices as would be sufficient to rescue primary producers and make them in their turn buyers of other articles.

2. War Debts Must Be Settled

War Debts are barred from discussion at the Conference by the American Government. Nevertheless, a final settlement in the matter is essential to the work of the Conference.

3. Cheap Money

Credit must be made freely available by a policy of cheap money (money lent at low interest). The Central Banks of the world must cooperate to secure the active employment of capital. In this connection the question of Government undertaking great public works to increase employment must be considered.

This is deeply interesting, for the British Government has set its face against such action in the past.

4. Return to the Gold Standard

A return to the gold standard would link up national currencies and stabilise the exchanges, but the British conditions for a return to the gold standard must include a rise in wholesale prices, the settlement of War Debts and Reparations, the reduction of excessive tariffs, and the abolition of restrictions in the international exchanges. Also, there must be a withdrawal of gold from internal circulation and its use only for the settlement of international balances; a reduction in national gold reserves; and the full and proper cooperation between national Central Banks.

5. Removal of Trade Barriers

Mr Chamberlain laid great stress on the removal of trade barriers, pointing out that in four years the value of the world's trade has shrunk by nearly two-thirds, owing to the growing obstacles to international trade. There must therefore be a revision of prohibitive tariffs if world trade is to recover. Also, there must be a drastic amendment of the quota system. (The American delegate afterwards expressed full agreement with this, but America is the chief tariff sinner.)

6. Abolition of Subsidies

Mr Chamberlain also urged that trade is hampered by export subsidies and shipping subsidies, amounting to unfair competition, and he pleaded for a determined effort to get rid of these evils.

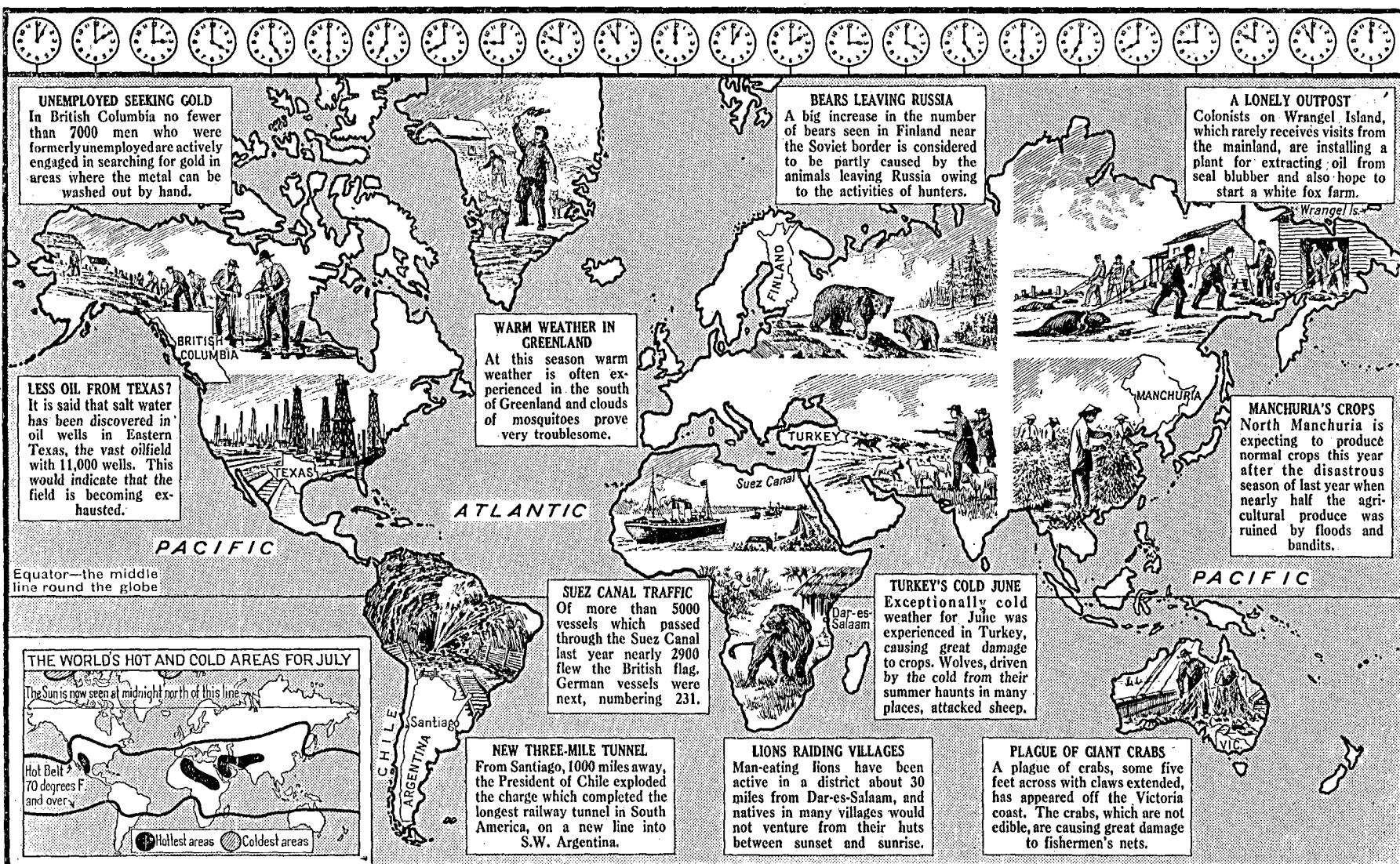
7. Regulation of Output

The production of wheat and other commodities should be regulated to prevent over-production, so as to restore and maintain prices; the interests of consumers to be safeguarded.

8. International Loans

The Chancellor urged that world trade should be stimulated by the renewal of those international loans which were such a large feature of pre-war finance and commerce. Such loans actually amount to the assistance of undeveloped nations by developed nations.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CAN WE KNOW ALL? The Unfathomable Depths of Knowledge

Can we ever reach the depths of knowledge? Can we ever know all there is to know?

Dr Einstein thinks not. We take this from an Oxford lecture by him the other day.

The atomic theory is one of the greatest adventures in human knowledge. The Greeks concluded that there must be something unchangeable in matter to explain the recurrence of phenomena, but there was no further progress till the 18th century.

The various new methods of the 19th century did not give us a picture of the particle, but there were several ways of illustrating to the eye the truth of the molecular theory. The prettiest of these was the modern Wilson chamber process, by which one could see the path of a particle as one could watch the motion of a fly.

But observed phenomena showed that the atomistic picture was not very clear. Although they had particles they could not realise those particles in space and time, and that was as great a puzzle as any which confronted the Greeks.

The deeper we search, the more we find there is to know, and as long as human life exists I believe it will always be so.

A MARVELLOUS TREE

What is probably the biggest standing tree in the Empire has just been found in dense bush near Healesville in Victoria, Australia.

It is nearly 290 feet high, and its girth of 62 feet can only be spanned by 15 people with outstretched arms and clasped hands.

It is a mountain-ash, and belongs to a species of eucalyptus which has been known to grow over 300 feet high. The district has always been famous for its tall and picturesque bush; only in California has bigger timber been known.

GERMANY'S NEW RECORD West-to-East Atlantic Crossing

A new record has been set up by Germany for the west-to-east crossing of the Atlantic.

The North German Lloyd liner Bremen is responsible for this great achievement, her time for the voyage from New York to Cherbourg being 4 days 17 hours and 43 minutes, an average speed of just over 28 knots, in contrast with her own previous record of 4 days 19 hours, at just under 28 knots.

The Bremen might well be termed the premier ship of the Atlantic, for, apart from this record, she holds that for the east-to-west crossing. This distinction she achieved last November, when beating her sister-ship the Europa by 23 minutes, covering the 3065 miles from Cherbourg to New York in the wonderfully short space of time of 4 days 16 hours 43 minutes.

A NEW TURKISH LANGUAGE COMING INTO BEING?

A new Turkish language, it seems, is being manufactured.

When Mustapha Kemal introduced the Latin alphabet he very effectively helped to rid Turkish of its large suffusion of Arabic and Persian words.

It is very difficult, or impossible, to represent Arabic and Persian inflections in the Latin alphabet, and this fact helps to weed such expressions from the Turkish vocabulary. True Turkish words, however, can be faithfully represented in the Latin letters, and therefore their adoption helps the Turkish words while it gets rid of the Arabic and Persian words.

Consequently the rulers of Turkey hope to raise the proportion of true Turkish words in common use. In the past the Turkish words have accounted for about ten per cent of these, but it is hoped to raise this Turkish proportion to about three-quarters of the whole.

GOOD-BYE, GOLD

The Sovereign For Ever Dead

The Deputy-Master of the Mint, Sir Robert Johnson, has been saying that so far as the Mint is concerned gold coinage for currency is for ever dead.

This seems certainly true, for we shall never return to the golden sovereigns in use before the war. The famous sovereign is as dead as the golden guinea.

The probability is that in all countries gold will hardly again be used for money. It may, however, remain for some time as a means of settling international balances. Even that use, however, will certainly pass as time goes on and as men come to see that a standard of exchange is best based on common commodities in general use.

In the speech referred to Sir Robert Johnson made an interesting remark about silver. He pointed out that at the present time the silver piece we call the half-crown contains less than 6d worth of silver.

Silver coins can be legally refused in payment for any sum over forty shillings.

THREE MEN FOR LETICIA

On their way to Leticia are the three men appointed by the League of Nations to spend a year in looking after the piece of almost uninhabited land which Peru tried to take from Colombia and has now given back.

One is a Spanish aviator, one an American colonel, the third a frigate captain of Brazil.

The Spaniard, with an official of the legal section of the Secretariat, crossed to New York and, joined there by their American comrade, went on to Barranquilla in Colombia. From there they will have a three-days journey by air in a long-distance Colombian plane, and when they arrive to take over the territory for the Colombian Government they will keep order by whatever means seems best to them.

It is quite a quiet little bit of peace-making.

MANCHUKUO

When a State is Not a State DIFFICULTIES THAT MUST BE FACED

By Our League Correspondent

A circular letter is on its way to all Governments stating what the League considers should follow as consequences of the decision of last February not to recognise Manchukuo as a State.

A special committee has been considering this matter for some time, going into details of many kinds, and this letter is the result. Postage stamps, for example. If Manchukuo is not recognised as a State its stamps will have no value, and the postman who brings a letter will demand payment as if it had been sent unstamped. Currency would not be recognised, and no amount of it would purchase an English pound-note. Passports will have no meaning, consuls will have no position, concessionaires will have no claims, if Manchukuo remains nothing but a name in the eyes of the other nations.

This is not a simple matter. The League could only do its best, and having declared that no State can be recognised that is established as the result of force, these are the suggestions it is placing before Governments as to the measures that should logically follow such a statement. Time will show whether they can or will be put into force.

BRITISH WORK ON JAPANESE GOODS

We understand that a considerable British trade is developing in working on cheap Japanese artificial silk goods.

It seems that Japanese goods are imported "in the grey" and then printed, dyed, finished, and exported to the British Dominions, the British treatment costing a sufficient proportion of the total value of the goods to entitle them to rank for British preferential tariff rates!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 1

1933

The Next Word

THERE seems no doubt, from the recent muddling of the War Debts question, that the world has been more than a little mad. Let us keep hold of the facts.

The moral case is surely plain. If several men were joined to fight in a good cause what should we think of any one of them if, having greater means than the others, he first used those means in the common cause and, when the fight was over, demanded repayment from his friends? We should condemn him as one who had forgotten the cause to which all had contributed what they could, like the widow bringing her mite to the Temple.

That is why Great Britain was right when she declared herself willing to write off the whole debt because it belonged to all.

That is why America was wrong when she declared that the debts must be repaid with interest.

Next think of the case as it is. At Lausanne it was agreed to cancel the sums demanded from Germany as war damages, on the understanding that America should be asked to cancel her War Debts. Therefore, when America demands payment of War Debt she demands that the Lausanne Agreement shall be cancelled. Thus a quite intolerable situation is created, and America stands convicted of a degree of folly difficult to match in the history of international relations.

America came late into the war, and as she had no army she could not fight until the end, so that she escaped with comparatively few casualties, while her Allies lost millions of men. To talk of War Debts in view of these facts seems to us to speak of the impossible thing. We refuse to believe that the conscience of the American people will allow them to continue in a course which can only bring further trouble upon the world. Despite the collection of vast quantities of gold which she cannot use America is plunged into a distress which she herself has largely made. Let her listen to one of her own citizens, Mr Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel Trust:

I believe that, while we were not able to contribute with man-power during the war, it was our duty to contribute in money, and I am not in sympathy with those who wish to collect dollars from men who stood together for the preservation of civilisation.

And it was President Hoover himself who once said that the "untold millions" made by America out of the war was money in trust.

The next word that will help Civilisation to sustain itself seems clearly to be with the great American nation.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Boy at the Cenotaph

IT is sad to think that the day will come when no hats are raised at the Cenotaph.

Perhaps the younger generation does not understand, but we note with much regret that Post Office boys pass the Cenotaph without the salute or the raising of the cap which might well be expected from such useful servants of the State.

The Unexpected

THE saying that it is the unexpected that happens is oddly illustrated in the effects of Hitlerism on Austria and the Saar.

Not long ago it seemed that nothing was more probable than a political union between Germany and Austria, although such a union is forbidden by the Peace Treaties. Now we see Austria up in arms against Hitlerism and more friendly with her ancient enemy Italy than with Germany. Who could have believed that this would have been brought about in so short a space of time?

It is, of course, the reaction against the violence of Hitlerism which has shocked the world.

One of the Wickedest Things in the World

A C.N. READER who has seen our warnings against celluloid toys writes to tell us of one of the wickedest things in the world.

While on a holiday she bought a sixpenny pair of dark glasses to protect her eyes from the sun. Finding them too big she returned to the shop to change them for smaller ones.

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant; "but those you have are of glass, while these little cheap ones for children are celluloid, and I ought to warn you that they are not very safe."

Needless to say, the customer went out without the celluloid glasses, for she happened to have a friend who had been seriously burned with a celluloid comb. But it is terrible to think of children wearing these terrible spectacles which may be set on fire at any moment by the heat of the Sun.

Will our lady M.P.s please wake up, especially Lady Astor, to the wickedness of this thing?

His Greatest Blessing

M. JEAN JUSSEURAND was French Ambassador at Washington for most of the first quarter of this century. His will has just been published and in it he has this beautiful reference to his wife:

None of the blessings of my life are to be compared to that of having had such a wife—there was not any sorrow, pain, or anxiety which was not eased or removed by her presence. On the approach of eventide, thanking God for His benefactions, I render grace to Him above all for this privileged favour.

The Two Appledores

Appledore climbs up a hill
In Devon by the sea,
With little houses clustering,
And there I used to be.
The fishermen are brown and strong
With dear broad Devon speech,
And waves like bathers hand in hand
Run up Earth's smallest beach.
And there's another Appledore
They tell me down in Kent.
Stranger to me that village is
For there I never went;

But I like to think in Appledore
(Wherever it may be)
That peace and pink-cheeked apples
grow,
And joy and charity. Marjorie Wilson

Tip-Cat

A NEWSPAPER poster informs us that the Aga Khan has engaged a new jockey. A friend of ours has engaged a new gardener.

AMERICA is behind President Roosevelt, we are told. Not too far behind, we hope.

KEW has revived the old custom of beating the bounds. It will give some people a jump.

WOMEN take things too seriously, complains a man. It doesn't matter so long as they're not other people's things.

YOU cannot teach people to act. Not until they have reached a certain stage.
MEN with big ears are said to be stubborn. They stick out.
THE man who said he hoped summer wouldn't be long was probably thinking of the ordinary English summer.

ANOTHER war, says Marconi, would be a wireless war. Let us switch it off.

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL's new hobby is making a waterfall. He will soon let it drop.

A NATURALIST says he can do anything he likes with snakes. Twist them round his little finger.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OVER 800 cripples have been cured at Harlow Wood Home, near Welbeck.

BIRKENHEAD is to abolish its slums in 12 months, Rotherham in 18.

A WOMAN who lost her purse in Manchester received it back anonymously by post, together with the money and gold watch it contained.

JUST AN IDEA

George Washington's feat in throwing a dollar across the Potomac River is nothing to the feat of his ancient enemy in throwing millions of dollars across the Atlantic.

Looking at a Flat

OUR Town Girl this week had promised to look at a flat for a friend, and set out to a given address.

The landlord was at home, and everything seemed quite simple until the maid announced that the present tenant of the flat (Mr Jones, let us say) was still in bed—at 11.15.

"Go in," said the landlord to the maid, "and ask what we are to do"; and the answer came back that if the lady didn't mind it would be all right.

And so Our Town Girl gave a hasty glance inside—not too hasty, however, to miss the sight of what was apparently Mr Jones buried beneath a blue eiderdown quilt. Feeling that Mr Jones ought to come up to breathe, the visitor departed quickly, saying to the quilt "Thank you so much."

Was Mr Jones laughing in the darkness, or scowling? Had he a boyish face, whiskers, or a patriarchal beard? The answer is sealed for ever beneath an immobile blue eiderdown.

This Really Happened

THE wicked do not always flourish.

That is a capital story, all the better for being true, of the fraudulent beggar who called on a business man in Glasgow. He had the old, old story, plausible as beggars can make it, and he left with half a crown, his railway fare.

But the business man was shrewd as well as generous. He had a moment to spare, was but a moment from the station, and he followed his man in time to see him enter, not the station, but a public-house.

It was a game of skill between the philanthropist and the beggar, and the philanthropist played it well. He was at the door at the moment the man put down half a crown. Stepping to the counter, he picked up the piece of silver, said to the waiter: "This half-crown is mine; this man has no money; you can serve him if you like," and walked out.

It is a nice point for the lawyer, but we like the story and are glad that it really happened.

Tranquil Liberty

Peace is no peace when all its dream is war;
Nor are repasts beneath the hair-swung sword,
That awed in Syracuse the tyrant's board,
Such banquets as the peoples hunger for.

Not to Europa's bull need toreador
Wave scarlet provocation; and Accord
Blooms ill from arsenals for ever stored
With mouths of death for ever in act to roar.

An areopagus of nations let
Men found hereafter, puissant to restrain
Flaunted armipotence, whether on earth or sea

Or the outraged air, and suchlike peace beget
As Tully envisioned; peace itself being vain
That is not also tranquil liberty.

William Watson

STRONG LITTLE MAN OF AUSTRIA

DR DOLLFUSS DEALS WITH NAZI VIOLENCE

Hitler's Attempt To Absorb His Neighbour's Vineyard

FIVE-FEET OF COURAGE

Everyone loves a plucky little man, and Dr Dollfuss, the five-feet of courage who is Chancellor of Austria, has been winning world-wide support in his fight for the independence of his country.

Ever since the triumph of the Nazis in Germany there has been a strong movement for the inclusion of all German-speaking peoples within the new Germany, and Austria has been subjected to intense Nazi propaganda. The Nazi Party in Austria has been strengthened by agitators from over the border and has resorted to violent methods, while by prohibiting Germans from taking their holidays in Austria Herr Hitler's Government has tried to make Dr Dollfuss's Government unpopular.

Attacks on Officials

No sooner had Dr Dollfuss set out for the Economic Conference in London than bombs were used by Nazis in Austrian towns and attacks were made on officials. The Government acted with vigour, appointed Commissioners to control the Provinces, closed down 170 Nazi local headquarters, and arrested Herr Habicht, a Reichstag Deputy the German Government had appointed Nazi Inspector for Austria.

The German Government retaliated by arresting Dr Wasserbaeck, who had been at the Austrian Legation for ten years and was immune from arrest. It was a dramatic event, for as soon as he heard that the police were coming he telephoned to London for advice from Dr Dollfuss, who ordered him not to yield except to force. He was expelled from Germany, but the Chancellor promptly called him to an official post in London.

Dr Dollfuss then flew back to Vienna. Further outrages were committed by Nazi terrorists with the result that the Cabinet dissolved the Nazi Party, completely forbidding all its activities in Austria.

Italian and French Support

These incidents show how firmly the little Austrian Chancellor is standing up for the independence of his little country, which numbers only six millions against Germany's sixty. Austria has always stood for peace since the war, and the other nations have helped her with loans. Dr Dollfuss is endeavouring to raise a loan of 300 million schillings, and both Signor Mussolini and M. Herriot are supporting him.

The most beneficial future for Austria would be in economic federation with the States on the Danube, and this would assist the general peace and security of Europe, for Italy has no desire for Nazi rule on the border of her new provinces, in which many Germans are citizens, and France has ever opposed the union of Germany and Austria.

It is a good thing that Austria, in her time of crisis, has found a leader and a popular leader, too, to judge from the many humorous stories which are being told about him and his diminutive stature. One of the stories is that he once got so angry that he jumped on a chair to bang his fist on the table! May he succeed in stamping-out that violence and reaction which have so marred the good name of his neighbour.

THE SLUMP IS PASSING

Further evidence of the passing of depression in Australia is supplied by the New South Wales bankruptcy figures.

Last year the number of bankrupts was 318, compared with 557 in 1931 and 659 in 1930. So far this year there have been fewer than 80. In only five years since 1888 has the figure been lower than last year's.

THE MELON SHOP OF ST CONSTANTINE

The peasants in the district south of Plovdiv in Bulgaria seem to have solved the problem of the so-called over-supply of water-melons in a very sensible way.

To the village of St Constantine, near Peshtera, come 3000 summer visitors every year, all fond of water-melons. The peasants, who have more than they can sell, bring their surplus to a huge box nailed to a pine tree in the woods and deposit them there. Over the box is a sign reading:

Take as many as you want, and leave as much money as you wish.

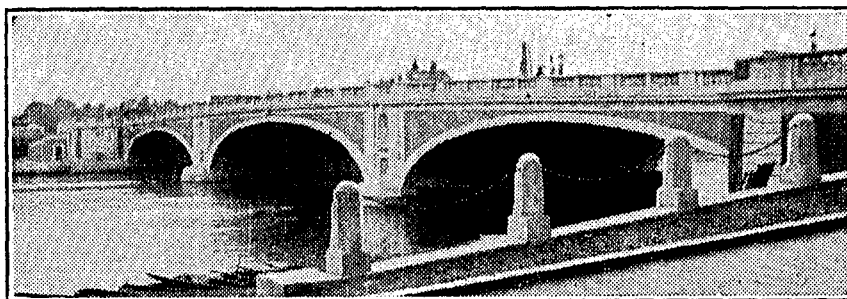
In this way the melons do not go to

waste and the growers get at least a small sum for their pains.

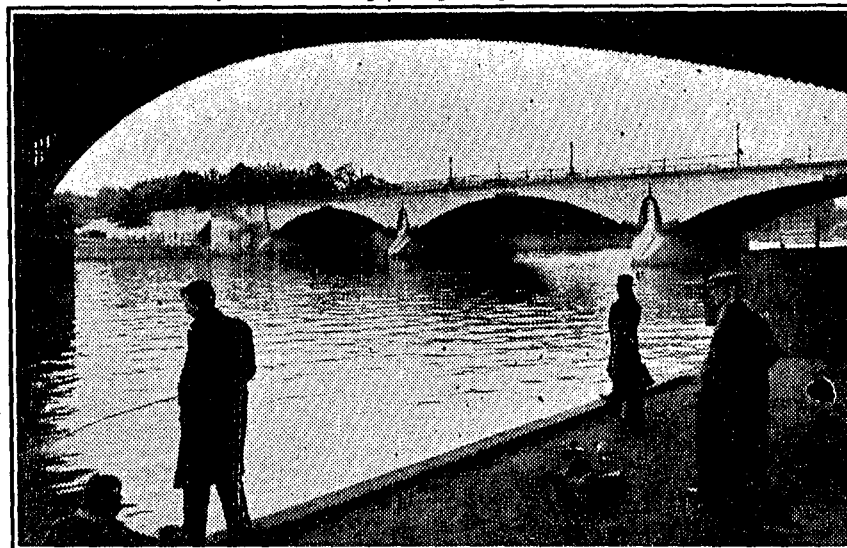
Although there is no one in charge of this shop in the woods, it is believed that the till is rarely disturbed; and while some visitors may accept the hospitality of the peasants without making a return, such cases are rare and apt to be made up on a later visit to the "shop" when the purchaser is in funds.

To those who picture the rural regions of Bulgaria as populated chiefly by brigands the news of the success of the Melon Shop of St Constantine will come as something of a revelation.

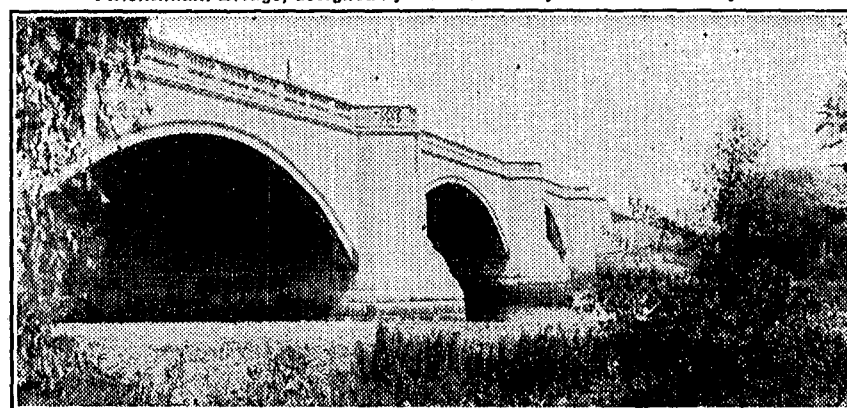
THREE NEW WAYS ACROSS THE THAMES



Hampton Court Bridge, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens



Twickenham Bridge, designed by Mr Maxwell Ayrton and Mr A. Dryland



Chiswick Bridge, designed by Sir Herbert Baker

While London still waits for a new bridge to replace the unsightly structure at Charing Cross three splendid new bridges have been built higher up the river. All these are to be opened by the Prince of Wales next week.

THE CHICHESTER LADDER

CHICHESTER is far-famed for its beautiful things.

There are few streets in England more delightful to walk about in. Its cathedral towers have a noble dignity. Its Roman walls are wonderful. The Chichester Roundel in the Bishop's Chapel is a precious possession of English art. The stone in front of the Town Hall is a unique landmark. The Market Cross is a perfectly lovely thing.

But who knows the Chichester Ladder? Unfortunately every pilgrim to Chichester who stands to admire the Market Cross must know it, for it is reared up askew across one of the arches, the only jarring thing we found spoiling the beauty of Chichester that could easily be removed. We understand

the ladder is there for winding-up the clock; but, in heaven's name, why must we spoil the old Market Cross, this ancient shrine of beauty, to wind up a clock once a week?

It seems almost unthinkable that because this ladder is too long to stand straight, or because there is nowhere else to stand it in Chichester, or because there is no man to carry it when it is wanted, it is allowed to stick there ruining the lovely arches of one of the finest market crosses still remaining to us in England.

If there is no other way out of this misfortune the C.N. will gladly present to Chichester a telescopic ladder which will stand straight and unseen, ready for the clock man when he calls.

A MOCK TRIAL

ENGLISH HUMOUR AT ITS BEST

Four Economists Tried For Spreading Mental Fog

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY

The C.N. has no love for cynics, the most useless people in the world; but it loves our English good humour, of which there is no better example than the mock trials now taking place for King Edward's Hospital Fund at the London School of Economics.

We take this report of one of them from The Times; it is a characteristic example of a merry banter which is English through and through.

Four economists were put on their "trial" for conspiring to spread mental fog. The defendants were Sir William Beveridge, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor T. E. Gregory, and Mr Hubert Henderson. The Judge was Major Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture.

Mr Henderson pleaded "Guilty, but not so guilty as the others," while the others stoutly protested their innocence. The audience, empanelled as the Jury, had an excellent entertainment.

A Dangerous Gang

Mr Robert Boothby, M.P., who prosecuted, deplored the absence of another defendant, named Josiah Stamp, who had "broken his bail and escaped to America." He also informed the Court that a dangerous gang of Cambridge economists, known as J.M. Keynes, were still at large, and he hoped the Court would condemn them in their absence. In referring to them he would describe them as K1, K2, K3, and so on.

There were many criminals for whom they could only feel the deepest sympathy, he said. Every time he went to the Old Bailey and saw a prisoner in the dock he said to himself, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Robert Boothby." But these defendants came under a wholly different category; they were not ordinary men; they were economists. No one ever became an economist through an uncontrollable impulse.

Wretched Victims

To sustain the charge, Mr Boothby called two members of the House of Commons, "wretched victims of the economists," and asked the Court to judge by their demeanour and answers the sort of mental state to which they had been reduced. When asked what he knew about the gold standard one of the witnesses described it as a thing that people went off, just as they went off their heads.

Mr Boothby: And most countries at the moment are off it?—Off both, yes.

Sir Arthur Salter, addressing the Jury on his own behalf, suggested that such fog as existed among politicians was a natural failing of members of Parliament, and that matters might have been different had they followed the teaching and advice of economists.

Savage Sentence

Sir William Beveridge declared that mental fog was an inherited and not an acquired characteristic. He called to witnesses to prove that their minds were perfectly clear, and was about to call all the students of the London School of Economics, when the Judge, with an eye on the clock, intimated his intention of passing sentence.

Mr Boothby said he was prepared to withdraw the charge of conspiracy if he were assured that there would be a savage sentence.

The Judge acquitted Mr Henderson because he pleaded guilty. He condemned Sir Arthur Salter and Sir William Beveridge to five years' unsolitary imprisonment in the House of Commons and ordered Professor Gregory to be deported to Cambridge for life.

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

An Old Lady On Tour FROM FRANCE TO AMERICA

Exhibitions of loaned pictures are fairly common in these days, but it is not often that one picture goes on tour by itself, as Whistler's famous portrait of his mother is now doing.

Everyone knows this old lady with her white cap and her calm face. It is the only American picture possessed by the Louvre, and when New York asked France to lend it France willingly agreed.

The portrait was packed in cotton wool, insured for 25 million francs, and sent off to its native country, where it had a tremendous welcome. Whistler's mother had charmed so many hearts by the time the exhibition came to an end that her departure from America was prepared for with sadness.

Then it was that the curator of the San Francisco Museum said to himself: "If New York could have the picture, why may not we see it too?" He cabled to France and received permission, and the lady was dressed in cotton wool again, and put on the train for San Francisco.

Invitations Accepted

More than 150,000 people saw her there in a few days, a record number for the museum; and in the meantime other American cities began to send out invitations to this fine old lady. These were all gladly accepted for her by France, and she started on the round of St Louis, Columbus, Cleveland, Baltimore, Toledo, and Boston.

To more invitation cables sent to France were added charming ones of thanks, for America always likes to express her gratitude. "Thank you for lending us the mother of our best painter," wrote one city after another.

And now the dear lady is ending the tour of her native land in Chicago, where an armed guard protects her, for she represents a million dollars.

It is said that France will see her again in October, but who knows? By then the old lady may have started off on another triumphal tour, holding her own against any number of beautiful young kinema stars, who are not to be compared with her for beauty, or dignity, or any quality worth having.

WHY THEY STOPPED THE CLOCKS

How Politicians Get Things Through

According to law the French Budget for the year has to be passed by the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate before the end of May.

On the last evening of May this year it was still being debated. It passed the Chamber and went to the Senate; the Senate altered it and sent it back to the Chamber; the Chamber altered it again, and it went once more to the Senate; and so on, to and fro, to and fro.

All this is known in Paris as the Shuttle, and is a wearisome business, apparently without end.

As midnight approached in this critical situation an appearance of legality had to be preserved, and then something happened which is characteristic of the unreal world of politics. At the crucial moment "a discreet hand," as the French papers say, stopped the clocks at both the Palais Bourbon (the Chamber) and the Palais du Luxembourg (the Senate).

The Senators and the Deputies solemnly pretended that it was still the month of May, and kept up the pretence until nine o'clock in the morning, when they came to an agreement.

This is, as far as we know, an event without precedent in history.

PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON



Miss K. E. Stammers,
England



Mrs Helen Willis Moody,
U.S.A.



Mme. Mathieu,
France



Miss Virginia Rice,
U.S.A.



Miss Helen Jacobs,
U.S.A.



Miss Mary Heeley,
England



Enrique Maier,
Spain



Vivian McGrath,
Australia



F. J. Perry,
England



Jiro Satoh,
Japan



Henri Cochet,
France



Jack Crawford,
Australia



Miss D. E. Round,
England



Ellsworth Vines,
U.S.A.



H. W. Austin,
England



Mile. J. Jedrzejska,
Poland



H. G. N. Lee,
England



Miss Betty Nuthall,
England

Here are some of the leading entrants from many nations who are playing in the Lawn Tennis Championship contests now taking place at Wimbledon.

BRIGHTER CAMP FIRES

A Word or Two to Guides

By a West Country Guide

By brighter fires I do not mean pouring petrol over the fuel, but that what happens while we sit around the flickering flames should be merrier and more varied.

Some Musical Festivals have special competitions for camp fire programmes, with well-known judges who can give excellent advice and criticism. Only the other day I heard a performance by the company that had just won a challenge shield with their ten-minute programme.

It was marvellous what they included in the time—part-songs, rounds, mouth-organ solos, a musical story, and a humorous recitation in costume. What a contrast from those listless affairs when only a few people sing and they don't know the words!

The Tale That is Told

What we lack are musical instruments to accompany our singing and dancing. Overseas they have concertinas, guitars, harps, violins, and as night falls the air becomes alive with melody. Dramatics, mimes, humorous contests, and forfeits all have their place in the camp fire programme; but most important of all is the yarn. The firelight, the setting, the voice and personality of the teller, the expectancy of the audience, all add so much to the tale that is told.

Everyone who can look back on a few years of Scouting or Guiding will have the memory of certain camp fires that flash blissfully upon their inward eye. Perhaps none quite come up to those in which all nations are taking part.

A large part of the adventure of Guiding lies in being constantly on the alert. Any moment you may see something worth reporting for the Nature log or an illustration of a Guide Law or, better still, an opportunity to be of use. Occasionally a chance good turn comes to light or has far-reaching consequences.

Two Guides To the Rescue

A few weeks ago Sally and Joan, who had been chosen to represent their company in a country dance team, set off to attend a rehearsal. On their way they passed a small public recreation ground through which runs a stream in which children love to paddle. There they found a little boy crying bitterly. His knee was cut, one sock was missing, and he was afraid to go home.

One Guide had a pocket ambulance outfit and from this she produced iodine ointment, lint, and a bandage. The knee was soon comfortably bound up, but the missing sock presented a serious problem because the shops had closed.

Then the other Guide remembered there was a shop round the corner. Between them they had exactly three-pence. So while Sally minded the boy Joan hurried away to the back door of the shop to ask if they had any socks for three-pence. In a few moments she returned triumphantly with a suitable pair; and before long the boy, his face wreathed in smiles, was on the way home with one more sock than when he started out.

No Money For Necessaries

Talking of good turns, don't forget that we can always do one if we ever have anything in the way of old uniform to spare.

Last month I was down in the mining valleys of South Wales and met some splendid Guide people. In some Companies and Packs only about six out of twenty are in uniform, because the fathers are unemployed and there isn't even enough money for necessities. But though they may have to meet wearing mufti, and in a bare and draughty club-room, the right spirit grows up just the same, and somehow they scrape up something for good turns.

None of us should ever put away uniform we've outgrown or no longer want, when it would make all the difference to a Guide in distressed areas.

C.N. VISITS

The Beginning of Wolsey's Last Journey

One of our travelling correspondents has been to Cawood, the Yorkshire village which will always be remembered for its pathetic story of Wolsey's last days. Our correspondent sends us these notes of what happened there.

Through the beautiful gateway of Cawood Palace one autumn day in 1530 came a very tired man. On his way from Scrooby he had blessed thousands of boys and girls; and all who had seen him had admired and pitied him. Venerable he was, with white hair and a deeply-lined face, a man who had changed the destiny of a nation: Thomas Wolsey, stripped of all pomp and power.

He was to be installed as Archbishop of York in November. All his life he had loved pageantry, but now he begged that the ceremony might be simple. From these windows he saw the towers of the Minster, as Henry the Eighth had done a few years before; but he was never to kneel before the altar, for his enemies were everywhere. One, like Judas, was at supper with him a night or two before the worst came. He was Dr Augustine, a boisterous man, who threw his arms about as he spoke and overturned the great silver cross, an accident which Wolsey declared to be a bad omen.

In the King's Name

Three days later Wolsey was again at supper in the big hall when the Earl of Northumberland came secretly to the gate demanding the keys of the palace in the king's name. He had a few whispered words with Dr Augustine, who had planned everything, and then entered the room where Wolsey rose to meet him, embracing him tenderly and calling for food. A hard man was the Earl of Northumberland, but the kindness of the stricken cardinal almost turned him from his purpose. Though a soldier he trembled when he placed his hand on Wolsey's arm and said "My lord, I arrest you for high treason!"

It was the last act but one in the drama of Wolsey's fall. Now at last he knew there was no hope, and that the king would be satisfied with nothing less than his head. His broken prayer, immortalised by Shakespeare, is one of the most pathetic things in our literature:

*Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.*

The next day he set out with a little company for Pontefract; and as he passed under the beautiful gateway that is still here he began his last journey, not to an archbishop's throne at York, but to an old man's grave at Leicester.

A LITTLE PICTURE OF OUR GREAT COMPOSER

Sir Edward Elgar has been to Paris to conduct the first performance there of his violin concerto for Yehudi Menuhin, the boy violinist, who is a genius without being a bit spoiled. The two became great friends.

After the first rehearsal Sir Edward was seen to be writing something on his score. In the second movement there is a theme which can be fitted to the syllables of the boy's name. Elgar wrote YE HU DI ME NU HIN over the notes, and said to the boy: "You see, Yehudi, I thought of you ten years before you were born!"

The boy's father wrote to a friend in London: "The five of us are just in love with the dear old Englishman! He is the finest specimen of manhood, of sportsmanship, of natural humanity, courtesy, and fairness. He is a big boy, jolly, sweet, always happy, and takes the hard with the easy as one unit—the joy of being alive."

It is a delightful little portrait of England's greatest living composer.

A swarm of bees held up traffic in Sheffield for half-an-hour the other day.

COOL PLACES FOR SUMMER DAYS



Sunshine, Wind, and Cloud—When the hot days of summer come it is good to be able to leave the town and get away to the high places, as these folk are doing, where there is a chance of finding cooling breezes.



A Shady Retreat—Here is a delightful scene in Sir Philip Sassoon's gardens at Trent Park, Cockfosters. On certain days the grounds are open to the public; the small charge which is made going to charity.

POOR FORBY

First Briton Buried in Australia

FRIEND OF CAPTAIN COOK

A memorial has been set up to Forbes Sutherland, who died in 1770.

Except to a little group of kinsmen and friends he was a nobody. Yet he has a kind of fame, for he was the first Briton to be buried in Australia, and the south point of Botany Bay was named after him Sutherland's Bay.

He was, it is believed, a young farm worker with a romantic longing to go to sea. He sailed with Captain Cook on the Endeavour, and we think Cook must have liked him, for in his diary he called him Forby instead of Forbes.

The poor man's adventures were cut short by consumption. He died when the ship was lying off Botany Bay and was buried next morning. The sailors must have felt the pathos of his lonely grave and been loth to leave him. It was Captain Scott who named the point after Sutherland.

Now a memorial stone has been set up where people think he lies. It tells how the young Scotsman was buried here 18 years before the first settlers came to Sydney. Forby will never be forgotten, and that would have pleased his romantic soul.

To be shipmate of the immortal Captain Cook and to have part of a continent named after you is something worth while.

NEWS PICKED UP BY FLYING-MEN

Wireless operators on air-liners sometimes pick up messages from points thousands of miles from the spot over which they may be passing.

Not long ago a remarkable long-range result as between aircraft and a ground station was obtained while an Imperial Airways machine was in flight along the Africa route. On that occasion, while the air-liner was between Juba and Kampala, its operator succeeded in establishing contact with the British Post Office Station at Portishead, near Bristol, a distance of 4000 miles.

On another occasion, while an air-liner was in flight over the Africa route, its operator succeeded in writing down accurate items of news from a bulletin which was being broadcast from a ground station in Florida.

Air-liners in flight over Africa have also established wireless contact on several occasions with land stations in Germany and Italy; while not long ago a machine flying from Cairo to Cape Town succeeded in maintaining communication with Cairo when at a distance of well over 1000 miles.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

How Does the Sun's Heat Reach Us Through 90 Million Miles of Vacuum?

It is because the radiant energy of the Sun does not travel as heat, but is converted into heat when it enters the Earth's atmosphere.

What is the Insect Like a Small Silver Fish Sometimes Seen in a Kitchen?

The little silver fish is called Lepisma; it is one of the best known insects of its order. It has silvery scales covering its body, and three bristle-like tails. It feeds on paper and linen, on paste in the bindings of books, and on sugary and starchy substances generally.

How Did Cleopatra's Needle Come to England?

This obelisk, which has no connection with Cleopatra, was erected at Heliopolis about 1500 B.C., taken in 12 B.C. to Alexandria, and presented to England by Mahommed Ali in 1819. It was erected on the Thames Embankment in 1878. It is of pink granite, 68½ feet high, and weighs 180 tons.

NOT FOR THE POT The Verse That Saved a Kid's Life

In General Seely's latest book, *For Ever England*, is a delightful story of how a kid survived the South African War.

It was running about in a camp of the 8th Division, which had been cut off from supplies for some time. The men were famished; everything that could be turned into food was eaten, till horseflesh was almost the only thing left; yet all the time this little kid, fat and well, was trotting about among them.

Men who saw it for the first time chased it excitedly, their only thought a good meal, but there was a label round its neck which, when they had read it, made them laugh and let the kid go. Someone brought it to General Seely, and this is what he read on the label:

*Hold hard! Don't put me in the pot.
You think I'm rations, but I'm not.
I'm living with the 5th R.E.,
And where they are I wish to be.*

We are specially interested in this story, for Colonel Morony, who was an R.E. at that time, has sent us a photograph of the kid taken from his tent. It looks as friendly as Mary's lamb as it stands beside a dog which also seems to have been living with the 5th R.E.

A WOOD SAVED FROM THE BUILDERS

The loveliness of Selsdon Wood, nearly 200 acres of woodland, grassy glades, and meadowland on the borders of Surrey and Kent, has been saved from the builders.

So fast is the country receding from London that the wood is a possession beyond price, and the group of people who have worked desperately to save it have done a great public service.

They have had a difficult task, and for eight years have been collecting money. All kinds of Nature-loving societies have come to the rescue by sending generous gifts, and 7000 subscriptions have been received from people near, so that it has been possible to buy one piece of the woodland after another as it came into the market.

Not long ago a great opportunity came of buying the last 30 acres. A Croydon resident gave two of these acres and advanced money to buy another ten.

A BANK DOES A SPLENDID THING

The Rural Department of the Y.M.C.A. in India has established a new system of banking in the district of Coimbatore to meet the needs of the village people. The villagers are asked to deposit their market produce in the Grain Bank. They can then draw upon it by asking for another commodity and the article they have deposited is debited to their account. Thus a man who has deposited a hundredweight of wheat can at any time ask for some cauliflowers from the Bank, and wheat of that value will be credited to the account of the man who banked the cauliflowers.

In this way people are able to get not only articles of food but even clothing from the Grain Bank.

GOOD NEWS

The general survey of the finances of the voluntary hospitals for the year 1931 shows that, in spite of the fact that they increased their accommodation by over 2000 beds, they collectively had a surplus of income over expenditure for all purposes, and this in a year of acute trade depression and financial difficulty.

This is surely proof, if proof be needed, that the voluntary system retains the support and confidence of the general public.

Sir Arthur Stanley

TWO IDEAS National Government Please Listen

Two interesting proposals for reducing unemployment have been made by Lord Trent, head of one of the greatest businesses in the country.

One is that the Government should approach manufacturers with an offer to pay them part of the money they now spend in unemployment benefit if they will agree to employ workers on shorter hours at the same wage, thereby engaging more people.

The other suggestion for the retail trade is that workers should be given a compulsory month's holiday every year with pay.

THE UNEMPLOYED SUIT

Have you any unemployed clothing? It used to be called old clothes, and sold to the Old Clo Man or given to the dustman; but now people are searching for unemployed clothes in at least 26 counties; they are members of the Personal Service League.

Few of us are so poor that there is not one thing we could do without, and when that thing happens to be a garment the Personal Service League will receive it with joy. They know thousands of men who have been destitute for so long that they are not sufficiently presentable to apply for anything above a labouring job. They send out this message to us all:

Please send your unwanted clothes to our nearest branch, or to headquarters at 38, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, and do it now—we have a terribly long waiting list. And if you are one of the lucky ones, able to buy a new suit but hesitating whether to do it just yet—well, please buy it now, and send us the old one. Your suit may mean work for an unlucky brother.

THE FLYING SHUTTLE

Two hundred years ago John Kay, of Bury in Lancashire, invented the fly shuttle, and cotton workers all over the North will do him honour this year.

No wonder the industry is grateful, for to throw the heavy old shuttle by hand was dangerous, slow, and none too sure. Many good pieces were ruined by inexperienced workers, with the inevitable trouble between trembling operative and harassed, truculent overlooker. Now the fly shuttle is part of a deft machine, and the worker can produce more and finer cloth under far happier conditions.

John Kay's little invention helped to make Lancashire great.

THE MAN WITH A MEMORY

There is a man living in America who calls himself Railroad Jack. He also states that he is a roadside philosopher and a history expert.

A favourite place of his to set up in is a spot adjoining the University of Michigan. Here he sits in a low cart painted over with notices of his capacities, and guarantees to answer questions of any passer-by concerning dates and facts of history. If he is found making a mistake the questioner keeps the coin which he has paid to ask the question. However, after his living expenses have all been paid, Railroad Jack makes enough to be able to give something to charity.

HAVE YOU EVER STROKED A BEE?

A bee-man of experience was seen the other day, bare to the waist, placing a queen bee on his chest.

Immediately the swarm settled on him, without doing him harm. Then the queen, followed by her retinue, took flight to a neighbouring hive.

"Have you ever stroked a bee?" said a little lad of four who had just watched a big bumble passing by.

"No," was the reply, "but I will next time."

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS What the Robot Saves Us

It has been estimated that a London traffic block costs some of our buses £5 for every hour of waiting.

There are at least 400 important crossings in London, and the total waste of time by vehicles held up at them must amount to millions a year.

The self-operating signal lights are steadily reducing these huge losses, and at Cornhill alone some £7500 is being saved in a year.

This system also cuts down the police bill, for a crossing with one policeman regulating traffic costs £900 a year. In London 116 policemen have already been supplanted by signals.

THREE LONDON GARDENS

The garden with the fountain in the precincts of the Bank of England is a thing of the past.

No more will the wood-pigeons coo in the branches of its 300-year-old lime tree, for this has been cut down and carted away.

This little garden marked the site of the churchyard of St Christopher-le-Stocks. The ancient church was removed in 1781 to allow for an extension of the Bank, and a similar reason has involved the destruction of the garden.

Off Fleet Street is another historic garden, the plight of which is even more deplorable than when Dickens wrote of it. It is covered with ugly shacks which serve as a depot of the Ministry of Pensions.

By way of happy contrast, how grateful must Londoners be for the privilege of being allowed to pass through Staple Inn in Holborn. Here the beautiful water garden beside the carefully preserved old Hall is now at its best, with the fountain plashing in the sunlight, the birds twittering in the trees or by the lily-pond, and brightly coloured flowers in full bloom.

PEACE IN A LORRY

Some time ago a Frenchman, anxious to help the peace movement in his country, thought of a splendid way of getting ideas straight to the people. He would start a circulating exhibition.

The idea has proved wonderfully successful. His lorry, containing six stands and numerous striking illustrations to display on them, has travelled 16,000 miles, has stopped in nearly 200 towns and villages, and has attracted about a million visitors.

By forceful pictures and statistics, shown in a popular way, this man and his lorry must have left behind them in the hearts of a great multitude a conviction that war is futile and wasteful and that only peace is constructive.

SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help,* sang the Psalmist, and a wise builder in a far-off corner of the Empire has used the idea wonderfully.

At Waiho in New Zealand is a little church with the most unusual altar-piece in the world, a perfect view of the famous Franz-Josef Glacier, framed in a flawless plate-glass window.

It is seen against a background of snow-seamed mountains, and between the glacier and the church are giant ferns and the tropical verdure of the country.

The view is the more dazzling for being seen from the twilight of the nave, and it never fails to leave the beholder amazed with its beauty.

HIS HAT

In a truck of scrap iron sent to the Ystalyfera steelworks near Swansea, a workman found the tin hat he had worn in France, his name and regimental number still inside it!

FALL IN THE COST OF LIVING Lowest Since the War

The Ministry of Labour shows that the cost of living of working-class families again fell in April.

This is deeply interesting. At first sight the facts may appear strange, but they are not really so, because the great economic trouble that has come upon the world finds its expression in poor sales and lower prices.

The Ministry carefully measures the cost of living of working-class households, taking account of such representative items as food, rent, clothing, fuel, and light. It then represents the expenditure on these things in July 1914 by 100, so that it is able to express changes as percentages. Here are the changes which have occurred since April 1920.

PER CENT HIGHER THAN IN 1914

| | | | |
|------------|-----|------------|----|
| 1920 | 132 | 1929 | 62 |
| 1922 | 81 | 1931 | 47 |
| 1925 | 75 | 1933 | 37 |

We see what a great change has taken place since 1920. In April of that year it cost a working-class family over twice as much to live as before the war. Now it costs only a third more.

A TONIC WHEN YOU ARE SICK OF LIFE

A writer in the *Letchworth Citizen*, in defending himself from the accusation of having been reading one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers, scornfully declares that he never sees the thing, and goes on to add this word which interests us.

I was thinking the other day about my papers and magazines, and I suddenly found that one of these stood in a class by itself, a fine uplifting wholesome tonic in a rather disgruntled world.

It records humanity's fine deeds, the kind of things that help you to realise that man in his best moments is the offspring of God. It's a great paper! It brings me new hope in difficult days, and new faith in hours of despair. I would not like to be without it. It would give a new inspiration to many a tired jaded man of business, when he is heartily sick of life's sordid ways. I offer my readers the prescription for what it is worth. My tonic is *The Children's Newspaper*, edited by Arthur Mee. He is one of the real benefactors of our age. Try him!

AN ACORN WITH A STORY

How often has the land given an oak to the sea, and how seldom has the sea given an oak to the land!

We heard the other day of an oak which began life on a battleship, and is now a sturdy tree in an English garden.

The gardener, Captain Mitford of the Navy, has always loved flowers, and twice during the war he got a little garden growing on board, but one garden was sunk, and another so much damaged by a shell that the plants never recovered.

However, Captain Mitford refused to be beaten. Hearts of oak are our men, even if our ships are not! He started again with a solitary acorn, and the acorn flourished so much that now it is producing acorns of its own.

PADEREWSKI FOR THE POOR

The great pianist Paderewski has given another charity concert to aid the victims of the crisis in America.

The proceeds, amounting to some £1720, were sent to Mrs Roosevelt to be spent for the relief of the unemployed. Mrs Roosevelt has given the cheque to the American Red Cross. This organisation, having representatives in more than 3600 places, is in a better position than any individual to know where help is most needed in the union of 48 States.

The money Paderewski made from his charity concert last year was spent on food for the families of destitute miners.

SPREADING NATURE'S HARVESTS

The Seeds in a Man's Trousers

AND THE SWEEPINGS FROM THE PEWS

Man, often without being aware of it, acts as a distributor of the seeds and fruits of the Earth to an extent that is very rarely realised.

The countryman plodding his way over his fields probably scatters as many seeds as birds and animals do, and Dr Edward Salisbury, Professor of Botany at London University, has been describing some of his investigations into the subject. He has taken seeds collected from turned-up trousers, and, planting them in soil free from other seeds, has raised some interesting little harvests. A walk over a common in Hertfordshire, for example, yielded 110 grasses and three other plants.

Mud as a Medium

In the mud adhering to our boots, also, are numerous seeds which fall off as the mud dries and pulverises. Some years ago Dr Salisbury obtained from the vergers of two country churches the dust they had swept out of pews. He selected churches with well-kept paths to their porches and avoided seedtime and harvest in order that seeds conveyed in clothes should not be included.

Samples of four ounces were sown in soil which was free from other seeds but had been specially prepared for ready germination. Sometimes 14 plants sprang from each sample, 90 per cent being grasses; and we are assured that most of the congregation wiped their boots on the mat as they entered the churches. This test not only shows how effective mud is as a medium for seeds, but also to what a distance seeds can be carried by man before being dislodged by the drying of the mud.

CHAILEY MIRACLES

By the Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Chailey is said to have one strange effect upon its many visitors. It urges them to talk abroad of all its wonders, and at the same time, by the wonder of it all, it forbids expression. The spell took hold of me the other day after a visit that had furnished one of my early childhood memories.

The faint impression remaining of my earlier visit was of sunshine chasing cloud over green-brown hills, of spring flowers, and a little cripple smiling through the butt of his crutch.

That was in the days of Chailey's infancy. Today more than 350 children and young people are cared for within Chailey's borders, and a mighty spirit has taken hold of them. It is the spirit of childhood.

They enter sick and halt. The horrors of slumland have done their worst; but here the menace is checked, and in an atmosphere of peace and love one sees emaciated babies fill out into rounds of tumbling humanity, thin-faced boys and sickly girls transformed into happy, vigorous youth.

What is it that works this Chailey miracle? One important factor, I am sure, must be the persistent battle waged against idle hands. The hospital is bound to claim more than a normal share of little prisoners; but prisoners were never so happy in their captivity, and hospital days are held to be no excuse for idleness. In each cot one finds a child keenly interested in some creative task, here turning out really attractive jewellery, or there stitching away at a piece of embroidery.

Whether in hospital or out, each must needs pursue some useful occupation. And when the bell rings boys and girls will run out to play. Chailey can play with the best, boasting victories even over public school teams.

SUN AT HIS FARTHEST

The Moon at Her Nearest

HOW TO SEE THE DETAILS

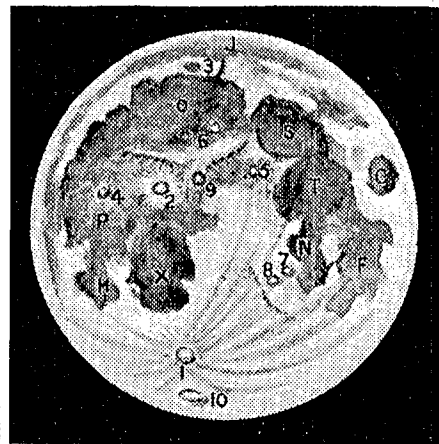
By the C.N. Astronomer

Our world will be at its farthest point from the Sun on Sunday, July 2, nearly 94,460,000 miles away.

That solar furnace will therefore appear at its smallest. Not that this makes much difference, for the Sun's disc will appear only about one-thirtieth less in width than it did on January 3, when the Sun was at its nearest to us. The Sun is now bestowing six per cent less light and heat on the Earth as a whole than at the beginning of the year, in spite of the fact that we in Britain are getting so much more owing to the convenient tilt of the Earth's axis at this time, which so handsomely makes good what we lose through the Earth's being at aphelion, or her greatest distance from the Sun.

In the Southern Hemisphere the Earth is nearest to the Sun in summer, consequently it is hotter than in the Northern Hemisphere; on the other hand, the winters are colder, a circumstance which is strikingly shown by the much greater ice-cap encircling the South Polar regions as compared with the Northern.

The Moon will be at her nearest, or at perigee, on Thursday, July 6; she will



C, Mare Crisium. F, Mare Foecunditatis. N, Mare Nectaris. T, Mare Tranquillitatis. S, Mare Serenitatis. O, Mare Imbrium. P, Oceanus Procellarum. H, Mare Humorum. X, Mare Nubium. J, Mare Frigoris. 1, Tycho. 2, Copernicus. 3, Plato. 4, Kepler. 5, Manilius. 6, Archimedes. 7, Cyrillus. 8, Catharina. 9, Eratosthenes. 10, Clavius.

then approach to within about 220,000 miles of the Earth and appear at her largest. The Moon will then appear about one-seventh wider than when at apogee, or at her farthest, a fortnight before. If a total eclipse of the Sun were to occur about this time the solar disc would be obscured for six or seven minutes instead of only a few seconds.

So the present is the best time to observe the details on the Moon. And it is surprising how much may be seen with field-glasses, a hand telescope, or even opera-glasses, provided the observer rests them against something to steady the vision and get a prolonged view.

Moreover, now that the Moon is near the Full, and therefore presents a generally very bright surface, much more detail is to be discerned during the twilight period than when the sky gets dark. Soon after sunset the Moon's disc will appear as if mapped and the so-called seas, the position of mountain ranges, and even the larger craters may be perceived with powerful glasses.

The White Streaks

Most obvious will be the wonderful white streaks which are to be seen best about the time of Full Moon radiating from the great crater known as Tycho, giving the Moon the appearance of a peeled orange, the white streaks indicating the segments.

Our picture indicates the details which may be seen with the glasses, but there are variations of tint and outline depending on the phase. The Roman capitals indicate the lava or sea-beds generally known as Mare; the numerals the chief craters. G. F. M.

A DISTINGUISHED BABY

FIRST TAPIR BORN AT THE ZOO FOR 20 YEARS

Deadly Snake Which Arrived as a Stowaway in Banana Crate FIVE GOOD COMPANIONS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Ike and Rebecca, the Zoo's Brazilian tapirs, have brought great distinction on themselves, for they are now the proud parents of the first baby tapir to be born in the Gardens for over 20 years.

This important addition to the Zoo's nursery is an extraordinary little creature about the size of a dog. It looks particularly quaint, for its head seems too large for the rest of its body; and its coat is not a uniform black, like the coats of its parents, but is spotted and striped with white.

Domestic Peace

Rebecca is being a model mother and Ike gazes affectionately at them through the barrier between the two dens. The domestic life of the tapirs is always peaceful, and Ike would probably treat his offspring with great respect; but it was thought advisable to keep him away from his family so that Rebecca would be undisturbed.

Another newcomer is a fer-de-lance snake which travelled to this country as a stowaway. When a crate of bananas was being unpacked at Spitalfields a three-foot snake was discovered lying among the fruit. A message was at once sent to the Zoo, and when a keeper arrived on the scene to collect the stowaway he identified it as an aggressive and deadly South American reptile, much dreaded by workers in sugar plantations.

Owing to the enterprise of a tiny domestic kitten the Zoo has another strange assortment of good companions. Nearly every house in the Gardens has a pet cat, and the offspring of one of these cats has attached itself to the Wolves and Foxes. Being inquisitive and audacious the baby at once became interested in the wolf cub and a collie puppy which are being reared together by the dog's mother.

Playing Together

Having established friendly relations with these animals the kitten turned its attention to a tame fox cub, and, as the fox (a vixen) responded at once, they were soon playing together so happily that the keeper decided to introduce the little vixen to the wolf cub and the puppy, using the kitten as a go-between.

All went well; and the kitten then began to cultivate the acquaintance of a dingo pup which is being reared by hand. The dingo was allowed to meet the vixen, the wolf, and the domestic dog.

The five young friends are not left entirely alone together, as the friendship is still in its early stages; but under the keeper's supervision the youngsters play together, and it is hoped that by the time they are all old enough to feed themselves they will share a large outdoor paddock.

WHO WAS THOMAS A KEMPIS?

Born Kempen, Germany, about 1379.
Died in Holland, July 25, 1471.

His real name was Thomas Hamerken; that by which he is known comes from his birthplace. He was trained in an Augustine convent near his native town, and became eventually its Superior.

Of all his writings, the Imitation of Christ, of which he is believed to be the author, is the most famous. No other book, after the Scriptures, has been so often reprinted; none other translated into so many languages. A copy of the work (not the first) in the handwriting of Thomas himself is to be seen in Brussels.



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Helps to sustain you
Till last thing at night

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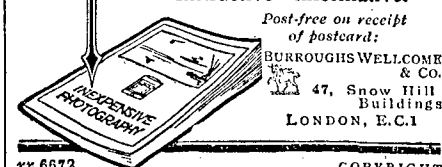
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A MEDAL OF HONOUR FOR YOU

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Get all your friends to come in with you too—it's great!

CECIL RHODES'S COUNTRY

The Future of Rhodesia WHY IT IS IN TWO PARTS

The union of Northern and Southern Rhodesia has been discussed again.

The uniting of these two lands which bear the name of Cecil Rhodes and are separated by the Zambesi is bound to come in time, but it may be better to wait until it is possible to make a great Dominion of the two together with Nyasaland and Bechuanaland.

At present Southern Rhodesia is a self-governing Colony while Northern Rhodesia is a Crown Colony administered from Whitehall, the reason for the difference being that Southern Rhodesia has six times as many white people as Northern Rhodesia, and has under a million natives, while there are well over a million natives living in Northern Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia is a prosperous country which has balanced its budget and reduced taxation, whereas its neighbour has not been so successful. There is a great future for both countries, with their wealth in minerals, fertile soil, and healthy climate; but until there is a larger white population than the present 60,000 for 440,000 square miles it will be difficult to promote a united Rhodesia into a self-governing Colony.

CANADA'S PEOPLE

Where They Come From

The Canadian Government has published a deeply interesting report on the immigrant population of the Dominion.

The population of Canada has mounted slowly to over ten millions, and the new report shows what proportion of these consists of persons born out of Canada who have immigrated into it. The actual number, taken at the Census of 1931, is 2,307,525.

That is to say, of the people now living in Canada about one in four was born out of the Dominion.

Let us see where these people came from. The Census shows that half were British and half foreign. Of the aliens about two-thirds came from Europe. The alien immigrants numbered 1,122,695, of whom 714,462 were from Europe, 344,574 from America, and 60,668 from China and Japan.

This is not only interesting but exceedingly important, for, in the words of a famous Canadian economist, Canada is still largely an empty country. The problem remains how Canada is to obtain a sufficient population when the children of the British Isles are falling so rapidly in numbers.

OUR HEROES

George Mustoe of Tilbury has died a hero's death.

In the new sewage works being installed at Southend a man named Harry Wilson was overcome by fumes from a sewer, and lay helpless at the bottom of a 30-foot shaft.

Mustoe, a man of 39, put on a gas mask, and went down. With great difficulty he got Wilson on his back, and started to climb up, but the dead weight was too much. He slipped, his gas mask was disarranged, and, as the fumes reached the rescuer, he fell back.

Another workman named William Gibbs pluckily took the same risk as Mustoe. He put on a gas mask and was able to tie ropes round the two unconscious men, though artificial respiration failed to revive them.

Such accidents happen, in spite of every precaution, and these men are the heroes of commonplace life; but their courage is not commonplace, and they deserve our grateful remembrance.

A FISH THAT LIVES IN A BOTTLE

QUEER HOME OF THE BLENNIES

Eyes Which Can Look Both
Ways at Once

TOMPOT, BUTTERFLY, AND SHANNY

By a Laboratory Correspondent

In the Plymouth Aquarium is a tiny side tank and in it is a stone bottle lying on its side. From the mouth of the bottle a little horned head with large eyes is seen projecting.

It is the head of one of the blennies, known as the Tompot.

These small fishes inhabit the holes and crevices of the rocks at extreme low tide. If they can find an old bottle to live in so much the better, for the Tompot seldom leaves its shelter except perhaps to dart out for a moment to reach some food.

A Beautiful Fin

There is another blenny which loves a bottle for its home. This is the Butterfly Blenny, so called because of the beautiful fin sticking up on its back, shaped and marked like a butterfly's wing. It lives in deeper water and a large empty whelk shell trawled from several fathoms, or an empty glass or stone bottle, will often contain one of these little fishes. Inside the shell or bottle the Butterfly Blenny will lay her tiny round eggs and one of the parents will remain in the bottle guarding the eggs until they are hatched.

Still a third blenny, the Shanny, is the commonest of all, living on all our coasts high up between the tide-marks.

The eyes of the Shanny are ever on the alert and move independently of one another. Directly an enemy is spotted back goes the Shanny into its rocky home.

The eggs of the Shanny are laid on the underside of stones in deep rock crevices, and here again the eggs are carefully guarded by one of the parents.

Naturalists in the laboratory have hatched out the eggs of all these blennies, the Tompot having the largest eggs, the Shanny's coming next in size, and the Butterfly Blenny having the smallest.

When the Baby Fishes Grow

The baby fishes are much alike, although the three kinds can be distinguished by their form and colouring. When newly hatched they come up near the surface of the water and feed on the tiny free-swimming shrimp-like animals which abound there.

As they grow the side fins become very long, and for such little fishes they can swim well. They are at this stage members of the plankton or floating life of the sea, and are plankton feeders.

When about an inch long they go down to the bottom and stay there for good, feeding on the animals on the sea floor.

The Shanny lives chiefly on barnacles, which it scrapes off the rocks with its chisel-like teeth.

THE GREEN ARROW ON THE RAILWAY

Have you seen the Green Arrow? It is placed on certain goods sent by rail and indicates that the consignment is for Registered Transit.

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THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 29

Finch's Fun

GRIMBALL came crashing through the wood. His great red face was almost purple and his thick eyebrows bristled like the whiskers of an angry cat. With him was a swarthy fellow who wore gold rings in his ears.

"A rum-looking bird," whispered Finch, but Jock pinched his arm for silence.

Grimball reached the edge of the pit and saw that the ladder was down. He turned and glared at his companion.

"I told you they'd get here before us!" he exclaimed. His voice was like the growl of an angry bear. "Now them dratted boys have got out. We'll have the coastguards here afore we're many hours older. Only chance is to get the stuff away quick as ever we can."

Gabriel looked round. The expression on his face was not happy.

"And eef zey come while we down ze pit zey get us and ze stuff too."

"Scared, are you?" said Grimball scornfully. "Well, I ain't asking you to go down. You can stop here and keep watch."

He approached the top of the ladder and Finch started forward again. Jock hung on to him tightly.

"But you've got to warn Eyre," protested Finch.

"Plenty of time for that!" hissed Jock in his ear. "If Grimball's on the ladder we've only one of them to tackle."

"You're right," Finch answered, in a rather shamefaced tone. "I hadn't thought of that."

Grimball swung his great body on to the ladder and started down; Gabriel stood watching him. Finch, who was all for a fight, was quivering like a hound on a leash, but Jock hung on to him until Grimball was nearly halfway down.

"Now!" he whispered, and he and Tim and Finch all sprang out together. There was light enough left to see the amazement on Gabriel's face.

"Look out, Greenball!" he shrieked. "Here zey come!" Then he bolted.

Finch, keen as mustard, fairly leaped after him and caught him before he could get clear of the thick bush. With a huge jump Finch flung himself on the man's back and the two went down together with a mighty crash. Jock and Tim reached the spot to find the pair struggling furiously together on the edge of the burned ground.

"All right," panted Finch, "I've got him!" But just as he spoke Gabriel wrenched free, leaped to his feet and bolted again. Finch sprang up, only to topple over. "My ankle!" he gasped as he collapsed. "Catch him!"

Tim raced off, but Jock shouted to him to come back.

"Let him go, Tim. We don't want him. It's Grimball we must catch." He hurried back to the pit-mouth.

"Mr Eyre, look out. Grimball's coming down," he shouted.

"That's all right," came Eyre's cool voice from below. "We're waiting for him." And Jock, looking down, couldn't help grinning. The two competent-looking airmen were at the foot of the ladder with their light on Grimball, who hung just over their heads, as helpless as a fly in the web of a spider.

Next moment Eyre reached up, caught the farmer by the leg and pulled him down. In a trice the two had him safely tied. Jock turned back to Finch. Finch was furious.

"The first bit of fun I have and then I'm bust up like this!"

"Don't worry," Jock comforted him. "We didn't want him. Grimball's the man, and he's tied up all right. Let's look at your ankle." He got Finch's shoe off. The ankle was already beginning to swell, and Jock saw that Finch would be lame for some days to come. He was bandaging the injury with torn-up handkerchiefs when Eyre arrived. Jock explained to him what had happened.

"It's rough luck on Hanley," said Eyre. "But never mind. We've got Grimball, and there's a wonderful lot of stuff down there. But we want help. What about one of you boys going to Horn Quay for the Preventive men?"

Finch spoke up. "Can't you send Mason, Eyre? The boys are none too fresh. What I suggest is that you take me back in the plane to Colchester. You can look after things here, and there ought to be a nice bit of reward from the Customs for all the baccy and stuff down below."

Eyre shook his head. "But you can't fly with that ankle, Hanley."

"Tim will be pilot," Finch answered.

"That kid?"

"Well, he flew the plane half across Wales," retorted Finch. "And if I'm not afraid to trust him, you needn't worry."

"I didn't know," replied Eyre. "All right. We'll see friend Grimball to gaol. But first I'll give you a back to the plane."

The boys lifted Finch on to Eyre's back and all four went quietly up through the wood to the plane. Finch was stowed alongside the pilot's seat and Jock climbed in behind. Then Eyre gave the prop a twirl and as soon as the engine had started went back to the dene hole.

Out here on the hilltop there was still light enough for Tim to get the machine up, which he did successfully as soon as the engine was warm. With Finch alongside to direct him, he had no trouble, and within a quarter of an hour brought the plane down safely on the lighted aerodrome at Colchester.

Finch explained his plight to the mechanic who came up. An ambulance was brought and the doctor took charge of Finch while the boys were taken to the mess. The officers had heard of them already from Finch and were kindness itself. Hot baths were got ready, clean shirts found, and a first-class supper provided.

"I feel clean and comfy for the first time in about a week," Tim remarked, as he began on a plate of roast beef and salad.

"A week!" jeered Jock. "It's only three days since we first met."

"I hear you say it, but I don't believe it," replied Tim, with a grin. He turned to Finch who, with his ankle properly bandaged and his damaged leg on a stool, was also enjoying his food. "We'll have to get off early tomorrow," he said.

Finch looked up sharply. "You must wait till I'm fit, Tim," he answered.

"You'll be quite comfortable at our place," said Tim calmly.

"What do you mean—your place?"

"Our place in Wales. Glwedyr, it's called. Come now, Finch, you're not going back on us? You know I can fly the bus all right."

"But you've no licence, Tim."

"That's only because I'm not old enough. If you come along no one can say anything. I'll pilot and you navigate."

Finch frowned. "You kids are the limit," he protested. "But you'll probably steal the plane if I don't agree. All right, I'll come. Tell them to have the plane ready at six. And let's hope we have a decent day," he added. "I'm fed up with storms."

CHAPTER 30

A Close Shave

THE morning looked as if Finch's wish was granted, for there was not a cloud in the sky, but the mechanic who had been warming up the engine shook his head.

"Sun rose red," he told them. "You'll run into rain before you're two hours out."

"Don't croak," growled Finch, as he settled his lame leg more comfortably.

"All set, Tim?"

"Contact," cried Tim, and the engine roared. The plane drove out across the field, Tim lifted her like a professional, he cleared the barracks with plenty to spare and rose steadily to 3000 feet, then he levelled out and drove due west. There was hardly any wind, the sun was brilliant, and the fields and villages reeled past beneath them. The speedometer needle rose to 115 and stayed there.

"This is what I call flying," said Tim, then he looked round at Jock, who sat silent behind him. "What's the matter, Jock? Aren't we going fast enough to suit you?"

"If you'd got Stainforth's Schneider Cup machine it wouldn't be fast enough," replied Jock glumly. Tim's eyes widened, but Jock went on. "Red's bound to be ahead of us. The chances are he's there already. Very likely he has the emeralds by now."

Tim grinned. "Who's got the wind up now?" he asked slyly.

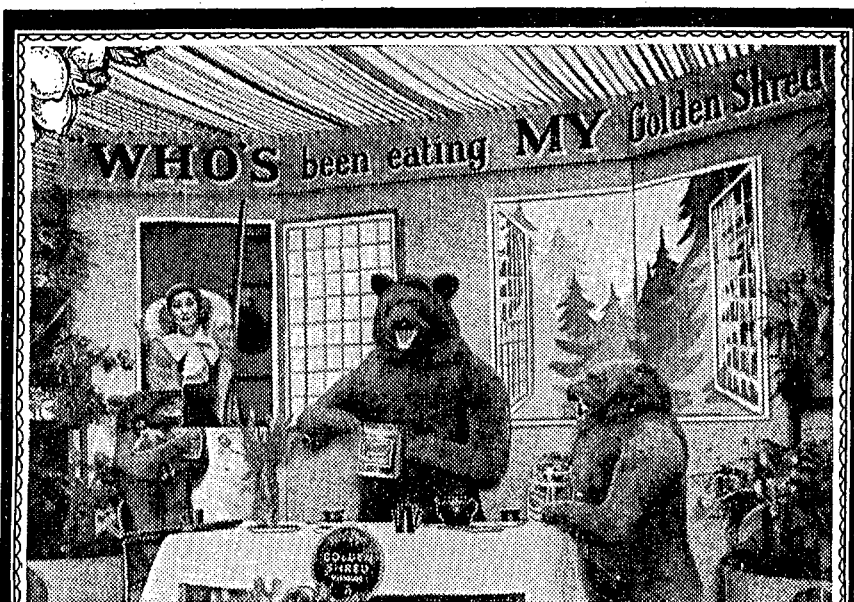
Jock shrugged. "Oh, you can jeer if you like, but I've been thinking it out, and I don't see that we have a dog's chance of getting the stones."

Tim realised that Jock had a fit of the blues. "All right, old man. We'll carry on. After all, even if Red has all the luck, he can't reach Garve before daylight. And by that time he'd be half dead for want of sleep. He'd need grub and a rest before he started after Jasper."

"But he may have caught Jasper."

"Not likely. Jasper isn't going to sit down at Garve and wait for him. He and Mark are both afraid of Red. Very likely Jasper hasn't gone to Garve at all."

Continued on the next page



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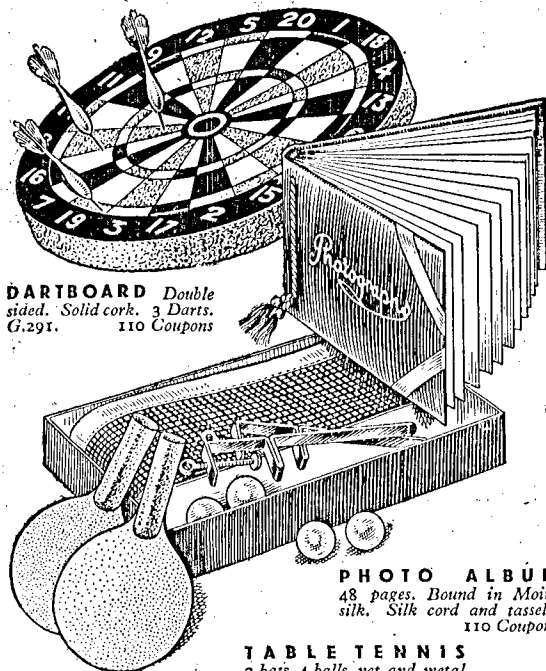
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Here are some of the contents of the JULY issue:

TRAINS THAT CROSS THE SEA

A chatty article on a little-known subject.

JINGO

A fine complete nature story.

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How a schoolboy saved England's Hero.

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Jock roused a little. "I hadn't thought of that," he said slowly.

"Keep a bit more south, Tim," put in Finch. "There's Banbury below us." The engine was running perfectly and one county after another spun away behind the plane. They were over the Avon Valley at the edge of Worcestershire when they saw a cloud bank across the western horizon.

"That mechanic chap was right," growled Finch. "We're running into rain."

They passed Pershore, where the plums grow, and presently Worcester lay beneath them with the Severn, like a huge grey snake, coiling across the county. The cloud was thicker now and closer. The Malverns were still in sunshine but the Welsh Hills were hidden by a thick grey pall. Finch was watching anxiously, and after a while he spoke.

"It's no use, Tim. You can't rise over that cloud, and it's going to pour. Better land and wait until it's over."

"Where can we land?" Tim asked.

"Must we go back to Worcester?"

"No. There's Bringstye Common just ahead. Good ground to land." He pointed as he spoke, and Tim turned the nose downward. As the first drops splashed on the wind shield Tim turned her nose toward the white road which crossed the common. She was within fifty feet of the ground when Jock gave an agonised yell.

"Look out! There's a man just below."

The man, with his jacket over his head, was running from the road to the shelter of a thorn bush. It looked as if the whirling screw would hit him and cut him to ribands; but Tim lifted a little and the screw at any rate missed him.

"He's down," muttered Jock.

"Is he dead?" asked Tim, as the plane came to a stop. His voice was steady but his face very white.

"Dead—not a bit of it," declared Finch.

"He's getting up."

Jock sprang out and ran to the man.

"No, I ain't hurt, Mister. Just scared," he said rather shakily. "Never seed that there airplaine until it come right over me. Then I throwed myself down."

"Best thing you could have done," Jock told him. "Come in out of the rain."

He helped him to scramble in, and the old chap, who was evidently the local roadman, looked round curiously.

"First time I ever been in one of these here things," he said. "Times be changed

since I were a lad, what with airypilanes and motor bandits."

"You don't get motor bandits here," said Finch with a smile.

"Ho, don't we? You oughter been here last night, mister. Had a proper bit of excitement, we did." His pale blue eyes were shining with excitement.

"But not motor bandits?" Finch said.

"That's what it were, mister," declared the old man. "I'll tell 'ee. I lives down in that there cottage close to the road, and about a hour before sun up I were woke by someone shooting. Pop-pop-pop—quick like that. A pistol it were. I jumped up and ran to the window and two cars come by. Fair racing they was, and a chap in the first one shooting at the one behind. Seed the flashes, I did. All of a sudden the car behind she run right off the road up on the grass and turned over. T'other was gone like a flash."

"I run out. I reckoned to find un dead, and dead enough he looked, lying there with blood on his face and his eyes shut, and broken glass all round. Pity, too, I thought, him being such a fine big man."

The boys exchanged quick glances, but neither spoke. The old chap went on.

"All of a sudden he opened his eyes, wonderful blue eyes he had, and says he: No, I ain't dead; help me out. So I helped him and he got up. Limped a bit, he did, but not a lot the worse. Then he took a look at the car. 'Got the tyre,' he said. 'That's what threw me off the road.'"

"Trying to rob you, was he?" I asked.

"Oh, he robbed me all right," he said, and showed all his white teeth again. Can you get help to right the car? he asked me. There's a quid for you, if you can. Well, a pound don't come my way every day, and I says: I'll take my bicycle and go into Bromyard and get chaps out from Milligan's Garage. So I leaves him at my place and goes off. They fetched a car and towed the gent's car into Bromyard. Two quid he give me. A proper gent, I'll say."

"Did he have red hair?" Jock asked breathlessly.

The old fellow shook his head. "No; black."

"A wig," Tim put in quickly. "He'd be disguised, of course."

"Then you think it was Red?"

"Sure of it," replied Tim with decision.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO STEPS OFF

JACKO had such an amazing experience one morning in the holidays that for weeks he could think of nothing else.

The family was spending a week at the seaside, and among the many attractions of the beach was one that thrilled Jacko to the backbone.

"They're taking people up for half-a-crown a time," he cried, dashing up to his mother.

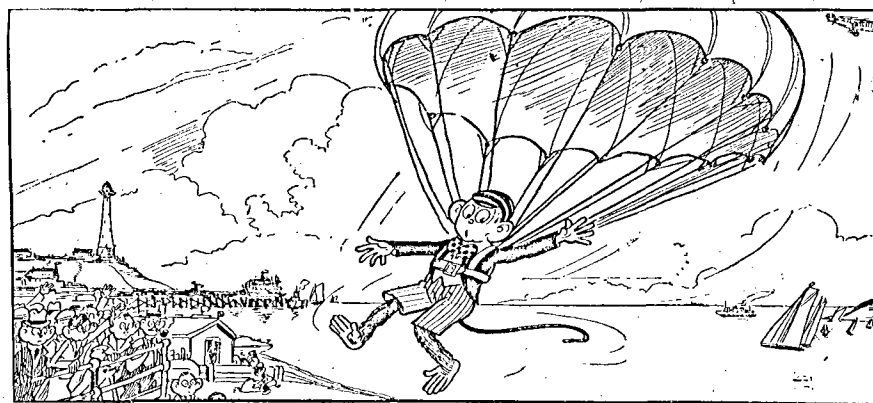
Mother Jacko had found a shady spot among the rocks and was enjoying

places with the Prince of Wales. He drew in his breath as they took off: it seemed too good to be true.

There was something else exciting. Close beside him was a parachute! Jacko recognised it at once, for a flying friend of Adolphus had one, and had once allowed Jacko to get into it.

Jacko grinned and ran his arms through the straps.

"Now, if anything happens," he murmured, "I'm all right. Coo, what



Jacko sailed gracefully down to the beach

a pleasant hour with her book and her needlework.

"Up where, dear?" she asked.

"Up in an aeroplane," said Jacko, pointing. "Look! There they go. Give me half-a-crown, Mater."

"But it's a lot of money," said Mother Jacko, laying down her knitting; "and it looks terribly dangerous," she added.

"Pooh! It's as safe as houses," declared Jacko; and he begged so hard that at last he got his way.

As he clambered into the little plane Jacko felt he wouldn't have changed

a height we're going!" he cried, leaning over the side. "I wonder if I could spot the Mater?" and leaned a little farther.

He leaned a little too far.

"Help!" he screamed; and the next moment he was turning dizzy somersaults in the air.

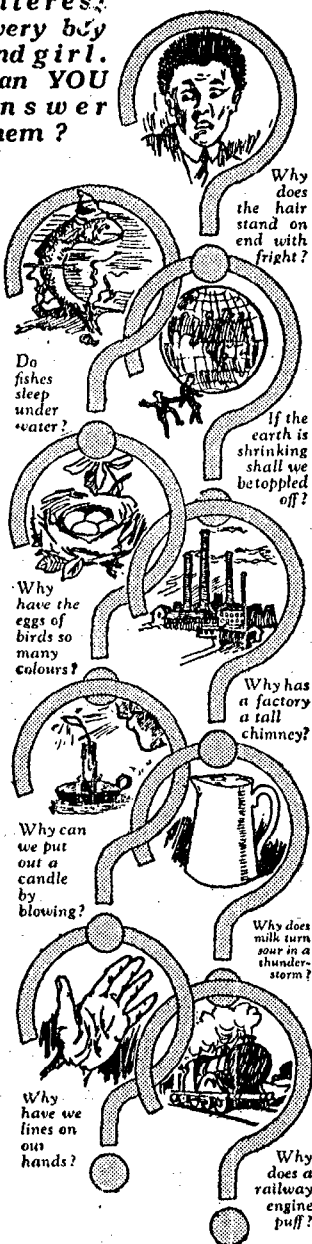
Snap! went the parachute, as it opened out. And before Jacko had recovered his breath he was sailing gracefully down to the beach.

The crowd, who had been watching him, cheered like mad when he landed. They little knew the fright he had had!

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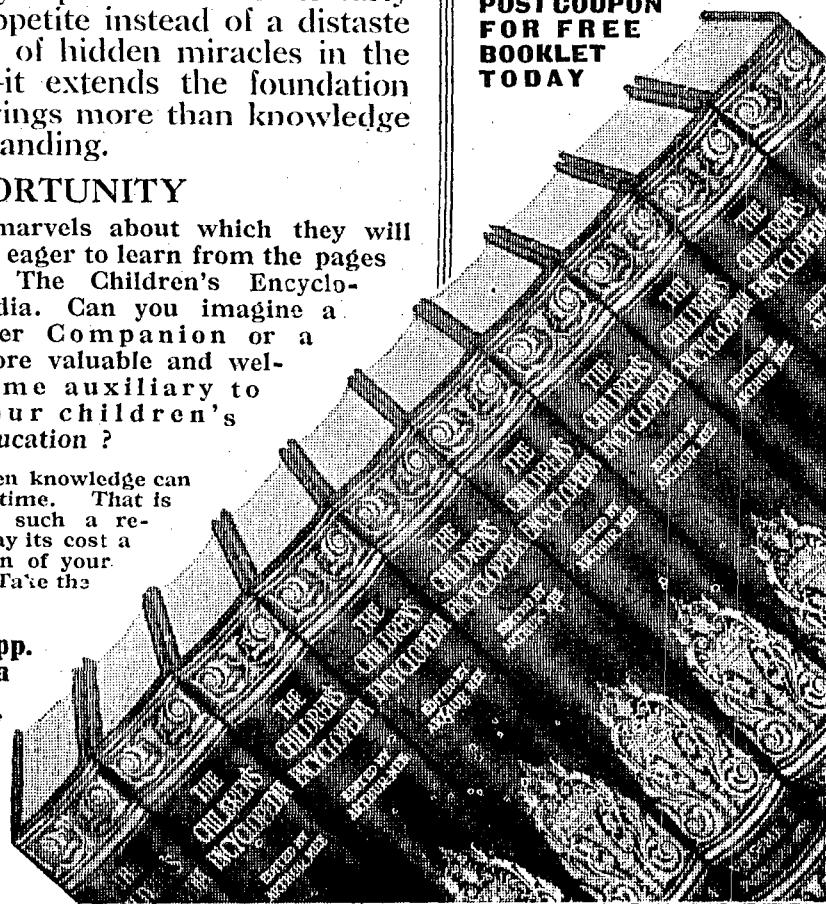
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 1, 1933

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Weighty Question

MERCURY weighs roughly thirteen and a half times as much as water. A bucket filled with water weighs 19 pounds. When half full it weighs 11 pounds. How much would it weigh if it were full of mercury?

Answer next week

Try This

HERE is a very amusing little thing to try. Put a piece of paper on a table and, with a pencil in each hand, make a W with your left hand and an M with your right hand at the same time.

This may sound an easy thing to do, but it is really quite difficult to guide the pencils in opposite directions. To be able to do this quickly and well shows that you have good control over your finger muscles.

Ici On Parle Français



La pyramide Le prédicateur Le panache
pyramid preacher plume

On trouve les pyramides en Égypte. Le prédicateur est très éloquent. Son casque est orné d'un panache.

The Roads

THE roads seem crowded with traffic, yet there should be room for it all, for there are 6,666,000 miles of motoring roads in the world. Great Britain has about 180,000 miles.

What Bird Is This?

IN the flock but not in the herd, In the phrase but not in the word,

In the poem but not in the lay, In the straw but not in the hay, In the smile but not in the laugh, In the knee but not in the calf, In the dog but not in the hound, This bird builds its nest on the ground.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to June 3, 1933, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

| TOWN | 1933 | 1932 | 1933 | 1932 |
|--------------|------|------|------|------|
| London | 5258 | 5501 | 3311 | 3650 |
| Glasgow | 1792 | 1799 | 1093 | 1119 |
| Liverpool | 1432 | 1550 | 828 | 864 |
| Belfast | 744 | 725 | 429 | 427 |
| Edinburgh | 543 | 556 | 428 | 447 |
| Bristol | 469 | 549 | 307 | 353 |
| Leicester | 286 | 338 | 183 | 214 |
| Swansea | 227 | 225 | 158 | 130 |
| Huddersfield | 142 | 115 | 111 | 101 |
| Reading | 132 | 110 | 84 | 91 |
| Ipswich | 98 | 135 | 71 | 63 |
| York | 85 | 88 | 74 | 79 |

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

TONY, the brave, blind wolf-hound of San Sebastian, could once see like any other dog, but beyond this fact hardly anything is known of his early life.

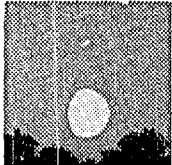
We only know that he was wandering, ownerless, about the streets, and that he fell into bad hands.

Cruel men tried to capture him, but he struggled so violently against the ropes they bound him with that he almost strangled himself. Indeed, he was so badly hurt that kindhearted people said he ought to be shot to save him more suffering.

But a little girl, Lolita, the daughter of a café proprietor, saw what a fine dog he was

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the South-West; and Venus and Mercury are in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, July 4.



Thames Bridges

COMMANDER E. C. SHANKLAND, River Superintendent of the Port of London Authority, points out that the Thames bridges now number 29 from the Tower to Teddington. A century ago they numbered but two—London Bridge and Richmond Road Bridge. Of these 29 bridges, only one is an opening, or bascule, type (the Tower Bridge) the others being arched or pillared bridges which call for a high standard of navigating skill to negotiate the curving channels.

Motoring Dogs

MANY dogs nowadays are motorists, and it is worth while for their owners to bear in mind a few little points.

Always carry a drinking-vessel in the car. Dogs need plenty of water, but often, when travelling, proper drinking facilities are scarce.

Never leave dogs in parked cars if it can be avoided. They are unnecessary as guards in a proper parking place. On the rare occasions when a dog must be left in a car, see that the vehicle is in the shade (making due

allowance for the changing position of the Sun) and that ample ventilation is given.

The fondness of dogs for leaning out of a car to catch the breeze should be discouraged, as it is the cause of eye trouble.

Transposition

IF a light word is transposed, The letters put another way, A heavy metal is disclosed. Now what's that metal? Can you say?

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE tree-pitpit lays a second time. The song of the chaffinch ceases. Young jays, yellow-hammers, and partridges are fledged. Young frogs come on land. The glow-worm shines. Red currants and gooseberries are ripe. Among the plants in flower are bramble, tufted vetch, corn sow thistle, creeping and dwarf thistles, marjoram, and white jasmine.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Sharing Half-a-Crown

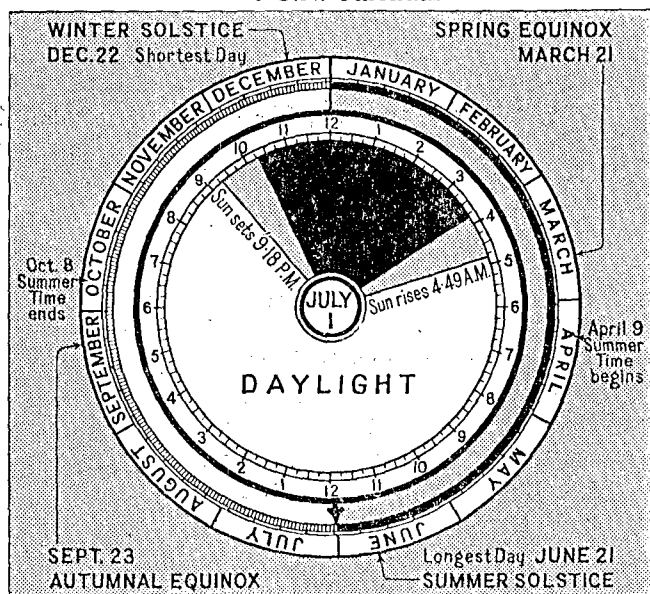
11 boys. With one more farthing, making 121 farthings in all, each boy could have had the same amount, and the only possible division would be to give 11 boys 11 farthings each. Actually, 10 boys have 11 farthings each, and the eleventh boy has 10 farthings.

Reheaded. Fox, ox, x

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | A | S | S | A | B | O | V | E | L | O | S | S |
| A | L | A | C | K | O | N | E | S | O | U | T | H |
| I | L | L | E | G | O | T | I | S | T | E | E | |
| N | O | S | T | A | R | N | A | I | F | E | E | |
| T | W | E | N | T | Y | A | C | L | E | P | T | |
| S | A | I | L | U | S | E | K | I | T | S | | |
| A | S | P | E | N | S | R | E | S | C | U | E | |
| G | A | T | E | P | A | T | E | R | K | I | L | N |

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 1. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

Not So Popular

BILL: My uncle gets a warm reception wherever he goes. Jack: He must be a popular man! Bill: Not exactly. You see, he's a fireman.

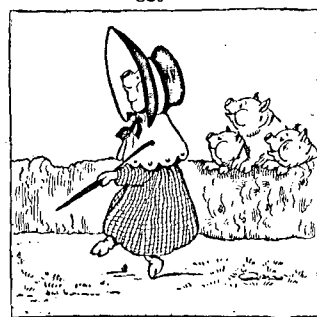
The Record

A YOUNG Negro dashed down to the river as the ferry-boat was about to leave. Taking a big leap, he landed on the deck in a heap.

As he picked himself up a little later he looked toward the shore, which by then was from sixty to eighty yards away.

"Gee! some leap," he cried, astounded.

Miss Piggy's Bonnet



OF her bonnet Miss Piggy is really most vain, And she walks with an air of the utmost disdain; But her friends when they see her cry out "What a joke! It is really too funny—a pig in a poke."

Practice Makes Perfect

JACK suddenly appeared to be interested in matters of etiquette.

"If I were invited out to dinner, Mummie, should I be right in eating jam tart with a fork?"

"Certainly, dear," replied Mother.

"You haven't a jam tart I could practise on, have you, Mummie?"

Plenty

HE tendered a ten-shilling note for a penny fare during a rush hour.

"Sorry I haven't a penny," he said.

"Don't worry, sir," said the conductor, "you'll have just 119 of them in a minute."

True Enough

FATHER was examining his son's report.

"I see you are second from the bottom place in your form," he remarked. "Next term I'd like to see you at the other end, say, second from the top."

"It makes no difference, Father," was the reply. "They teach the same at both ends."

TONY PAYS HIS DEBT

and pleaded that his life might be spared.

So her father took Tony home and tried to cure him of his injuries. Lolita's father was not only kind but skilful; and soon the little creature grew well and strong again. But the sight he could not save. In spite of the best the good man could do poor Tony went blind.

In a truly remarkable way the dog has not allowed his blindness to interfere with paying the debt of gratitude he feels he owes to Lolita and her father. He has learned to recognise Lolita's step, so that when she starts home from school he goes half-way to fetch her.

He has also learned the habits of everyone in the house and has constituted himself general call-boy. They all get up at different times, and Tony knows when these times are. He goes to each door and gives a low bark at the right time, waking the person who ought to get up without disturbing the others.

Last year Tony was awarded a silver medal by the Spanish S.P.C.A. for distinguished service. He had saved a boy from the sea.

One day, mingling with the crowd on the wharf, Tony heard a splash and felt that electric shock of horror that runs through a crowd when a child is in danger.

Whether it was intuition or reasoning, nobody knows, but Tony knew what had happened, and, while the humans were standing aghast, wondering what to do, Tony jumped into the water and swam with strong, sure strokes to the struggling boy.

He reached him in time, grabbed his clothes in his teeth, and swam back to the quay with his burden.

For this brave deed Tony has been decorated.

Little did Lolita guess how far the influence of her compassion for a poor dog would reach when she cried out in the crowd, years ago, "Don't hurt it, cure it!" and saved the little creature's life.

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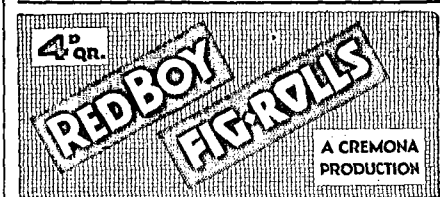
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